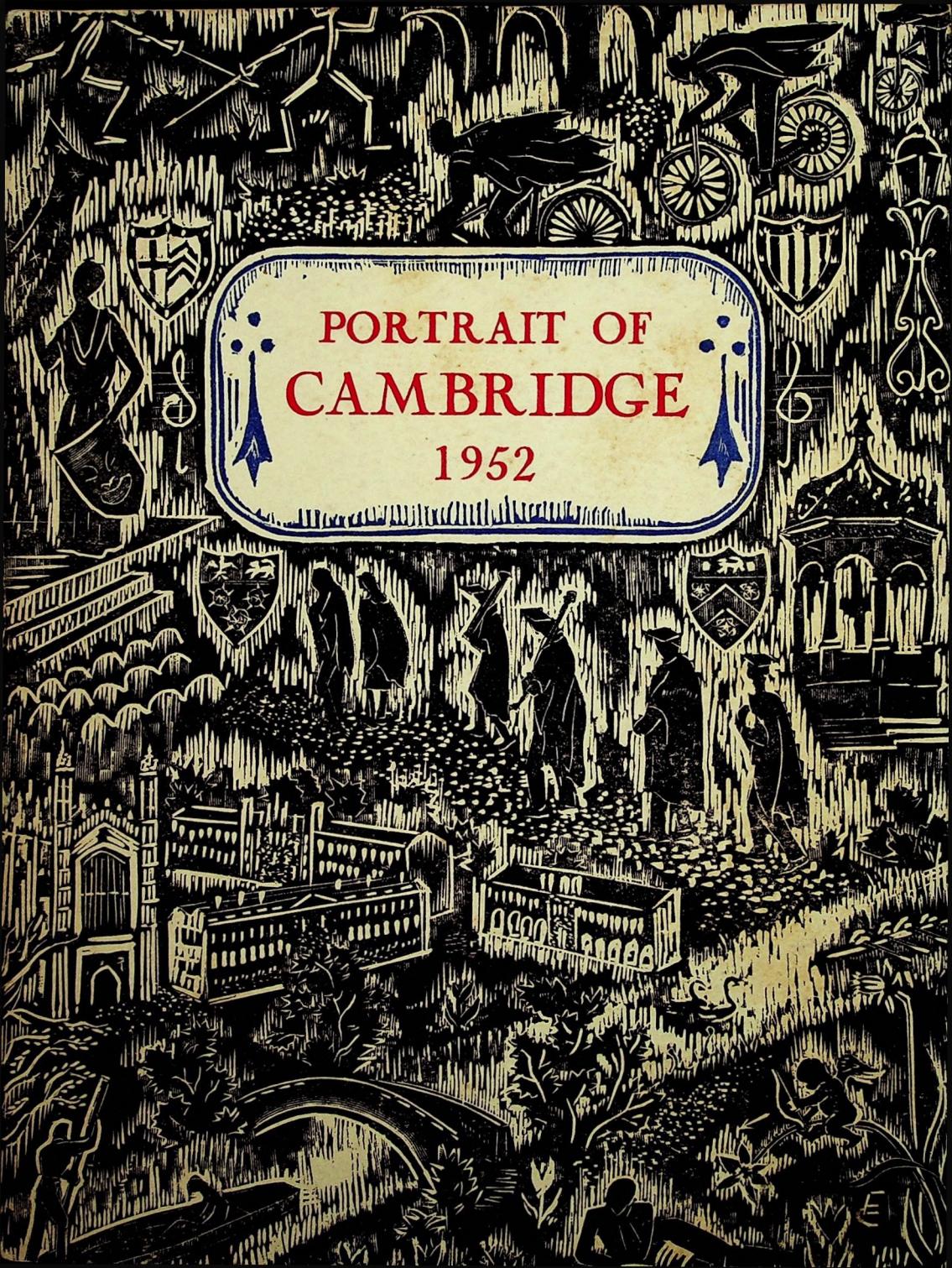


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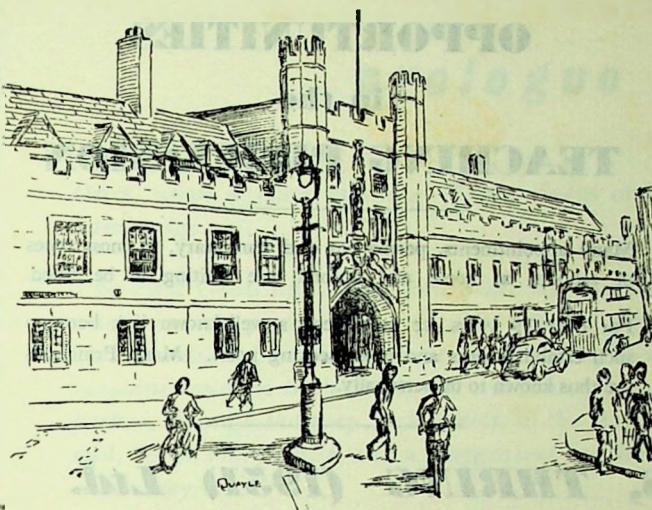
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prologue

Once, upon a June morning, Three Great and Wise men came to Cambridge.

The First Great and Wise Man made his way through Trinity Street where he saw young men with flat caps on their heads and time on their hands, to the river, where other young men were rowing in the sunshine; and, in the evening, he went away from the noise of the gay parties, through the grey back streets, to the station. "Cambridge," he said, "is an ivory castle, and a playground for the idle rich". Then he went away.

The Second Great and Wise Man took his guide book in his hand and set out to explore King's Parade; the afternoon he spent in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the evening on the Backs, where the voices of a choir floated over the water and among the elms. "Cambridge," he said, "is a priceless heritage of beauty set in the green fields". And he went away.

The Third Great and Wise Man spent his morning in Mill Lane, learning and observing much. He went to the laboratories and to the University Library, and in the evening he joined in the talk of High Things in a Senior Combination Room. "Cambridge," he said, "is the home of great endeavour and an inspiration for seekers after knowledge". Then he too went away.

It is to those three Great and Wise Men, and to all who know, or would like to know, something of the University and City of Cambridge in 1952 that we offer this book.

June 1952



June 1995

A Cambridge Education Today

Dr. David Thomson

Tutor of Sidney Sussex College

In his first term of residence the Freshman is taken by the Praelector of his College to sign the matriculation book of the University. Nine terms later, if all goes well, he is again taken to the Senate House by his Praelector to receive from the Vice-Chancellor the title of Bachelor of Arts. What has happened to him, during the intervening thirty-three months, to justify the widespread belief that he has meanwhile gained some benefits which he could have gained nowhere else but in Cambridge? What are these supposed benefits, and how are they acquired? And in what ways may they be changing, for better or worse, in 1952?

It is far from easy to give precise answers to these questions. But it is important to try, for the universities of Britain have been under constant and searching questioning since the war and it is incumbent on any university today to give as cogent an account as it can of its own activities. For one thing, Cambridge is the largest British university, apart from the vast and complex University of London, and its undergraduate population of some 6,700 represents roughly one-tenth of the whole student population of England and Wales. For another, it employs some 600 teaching officers, including 87 Professors and 43 Readers. It receives more than one million pounds in direct Treasury grant, and derives as much income again from other sources, including endowments and fees. And the purposes for which it uses this large sum of money are defined by its own Statutes, which lay down that it shall be the duty of each teaching officer "to devote himself to the advancement of knowledge in

his subject, to give instruction therein to students, and to promote the interests of the University as a place of education, religion, learning, and research".

This definition is important, for it is salutary to remind ourselves that education is not the sole purpose of the University. It also has the purpose of advancing knowledge, and of promoting learning in general. It leads nowhere to discuss, as 'Bruce Truscot' and others have discussed, whether education or research should be regarded as the prior purpose of a university. Many of the predicaments of the university derive from the duty of combining both functions within one body, though its whole character and much of its value also spring from this same duty. For good or ill most of the activity of Cambridge in 1952 is in fact concerned with education, and to the world at large it is such activity which entitles it to be treated as a university rather than as a research institute. Our concern here is only with this, the major part, of its activity.

Between matriculation and graduation the student finds himself compelled to lead a 'double life'—indeed several forms of 'double life'. The University provides for his formal academic education by lectures and laboratory demonstrations, by maintaining libraries and organising classes, and by prescribing courses of work for its annual examinations. There his formal education might stop, and thereabouts at many other universities it does stop. But his College also provides for his academic education in different and more intimate ways. The precise Tripos for which he will read, and whether or not he should

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE

read Part II in a different subject from Part I, are matters which he will discuss with his College Tutor, whose approval for any course is essential. The detailed supervision of his work, on a week-to-week basis, is entrusted to the College Director of Studies in his subject, or to a Supervisor appointed by his College. The College, too, offers facilities of libraries and reading-rooms: and there are twenty Colleges (two of them for women), and the non-collegiate body of Fitzwilliam House. Since the undergraduate's personal accommodation in Cambridge, his meals, and most of his social activities are determined by his College, or at least focus upon his College, he soon comes to think of himself more as a Kingsman, a Johnian, a Trinity man or whatever it may be, than as a member of Cambridge University. At least such is his inclination in term-time. But he spends little more than half the year in Cambridge, and during the rest of the year it is brought forcibly home to him that in the eyes of the world outside he is "a Cambridge man".

So in the matter of residence, too, he leads a kind of 'double life'. This basic structure of education in Cambridge is now traditional, but it is such an odd one that it is surprising that it has undergone so little permanent modification since the war. Technically, the difference between the matriculand and the graduand, in the eyes of the law of the University, is that one has not resided in Cambridge for nine terms and has not passed two Parts of a Tripos Examination, whereas the other has done both. The two basic requirements for a degree are residence and examinations. The first means that there is compulsory residence for three periods every year of a little more than eight weeks each. During these periods all the resources of the University are strenuously mobilised to lecture, demonstrate and supervise as intensively as the accommodation in laboratories and lecture-rooms will permit or human powers of concentration endure. These 'Full Terms' alternate with three periods of what is virtually expulsion, during which the undergraduate is expected to complete at home the reading squeezed out by the congestion of term, to ponder at greater leisure the problems of his subject, to digest what he has absorbed during term, to travel, and to recover enough fresh-

ness of mind for the ensuing term, when the process begins all over again.

Annually he is confronted with an examination. Examinations are much more than hurdles which he must periodically clear in order to qualify for a degree. They provide the framework of his whole course of study, and it is the syllabus for each Tripos which imposes the ultimate discipline to which he must submit himself and his work if he is to gain the maximum benefit from his education as an undergraduate. This is a fact not always realised or admitted, and seldom fully appreciated by the undergraduate at the time: but it is one which most graduates would accept later.

Ultimately, then, a university education in Cambridge in 1952 means exactly what it has meant for a very long time: the consequences of a young man's adapting himself to the twin requirements of periodic residence and annual examinations. This may seem a curiously arid and uninspiring way to put it, but it is the only way to see it in true focus. This is the linear design, on which each is free to weave the detailed pattern of his own university career. Although the requirements of residence are rigid, precisely how the undergraduate spends his eight weeks of residence is largely his own affair. Little effort is made to compel regular attendance at lectures, at least in most subjects. The scientist is compelled to spend a larger portion of his time in laboratories than the arts student is expected to spend in lecture-rooms or libraries. But for each a large part of the day is free to spend as he wishes. Sports clubs and every sort of society, both in the University and the Colleges, absorb a great deal of his time, energy and interest. Even in academic matters, he will find his Tutor and Supervisor willing to give advice but reluctant to make up his mind for him. He must show up some work for his Supervisor each week. Certain courses may be pointed out as impossible or unwise, certain other courses of action as particularly appropriate. Warnings may be given and exhortations delivered. But ultimately it is his own responsibility to plan his own way of life—always subject to the relentless requirements of examinations and eventual graduation. He is unlikely ever again, until he retires, to enjoy so much freedom to plan his life as he likes. He is set an ultimate goal

A CAMBRIDGE EDUCATION

—graduation; and intermediate ends—examinations. The means to these ends are fully provided. But it is for him to decide just how far and how wisely he uses these means to attain the ends. The essence of a Cambridge education is, I believe, this training in the use of freedom and this experience of personal responsibility.

If this be true, then the education which Cambridge can offer has particular relevance to our national needs in 1952. All young men who are not medically unfit have to perform two years' national service. Most of them still, by choice or necessity, complete this term of service before coming to Cambridge, although most Colleges are trying to admit more and more students straight from school if they wish to defer service. Adjusting himself to the freedom of the University after the discipline and servitude of the Services raises problems for the student of 1952 which did not exist for the student of 1938. He enjoys and values his freedom all the more, though it may take him rather longer to strike the right balance and proportion between work and recreation. The danger, on present experience, is not that he will slack and abuse his freedom, but rather that he will work too anxiously. Being older and more mature than his pre-war counterpart, and holding in most cases a grant of public money, he tends to think almost too much of ends and of results, whereas perhaps too many of his pre-war predecessors lost sight of ends. The undergraduates of the immediate post-war years, between 1945 and 1948, were a special and temporary phenomenon, in that most had known four or more years of actual war-service, were considerably older and more experienced, and were often already married family-men. Many of them, taking advantage of emergency regulations, gained a degree in two years and have now all passed from Cambridge. But they left behind them a tone and a tradition of greater seriousness, application and industry which have been partly perpetuated in the generation of 1952.

Moreover, at a time when industry and business have been taught to look more and more to university graduates to fill both technical and executive posts of responsibility, it is more than ever important that what Cambridge should go on giving to its graduates is precisely this sense of how best to manage their own

affairs. No man is likely to manage efficiently the affairs of his employer until he has learned how to manage his own. It is because employers have appreciated this that they show an increasing willingness, and even eagerness, to take on graduates in such apparently 'unmarketable subjects' as Classics, History and English. The Civil Service Commissioners, of course, had seen this point many years sooner.

The influx of war veterans after 1945 produced another effect on Cambridge education which passed almost unnoticed. Cambridge is widely thought of as predominantly a place of science. This is completely untrue, though it is tending to become more true. Before the war well over half the students were reading arts subjects. During the war it was very much easier for scientists to get deferment to come to the universities than for arts students, and Cambridge became for a few years a predominantly scientific university, though much smaller in total numbers. But for the same reason the influx of war veterans included an abnormally high share of arts students, so that of the 1,935 men and women who took their first honours degrees from Cambridge in 1950, 1,532 took them in arts subjects. On the other hand, of the total number of students in residence in 1950, only 55% were reading arts subjects. As regards the ratio of arts and science students in 1952, Cambridge is the most equally balanced of all British universities. A problem of the near future is whether the slight preponderance which has existed hitherto in favour of the humanities may not give way to a slight preponderance in favour of the sciences. But the bias in either direction is unlikely to be very great.

It is also significant that in 1950 nearly 30% of the total number were reading either the pure sciences or medicine, and only 15% were reading engineering, agriculture and the technological subjects. In so far as it is half a scientific university, Cambridge is still predominantly a place of pure science rather than of technology. There are a few straws in the wind to indicate that this proportion may change in the near future; though the nature of the Mechanical Sciences Tripos, the largest of the near-technological Faculties, is such as to ensure that these subjects will be taught as far as may be in terms of fundamental principles rather than of practical techniques. The

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Engineering Laboratories have grown apace since the war. Of the fifteen new Professorships created since 1944, nine are for branches of scientific study, mostly in medicine or engineering. They include Chairs in Applied Thermodynamics, Chemical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Pharmacology, Radiotherapeutics, and Veterinary Clinical Studies. On the arts side, the new Chairs created since 1944 affect mainly linguistic and social studies: Scandinavian Studies, Slavonic Studies, Persian, Egyptology, Economics and American History. The new Departments set up since the war make an even more miscellaneous list: Criminal Science, Experimental Medicine, Applied Economics. But such Departments concern research and advanced postgraduate work, hardly at all the education of the undergraduate, and training in research must be considered separately.

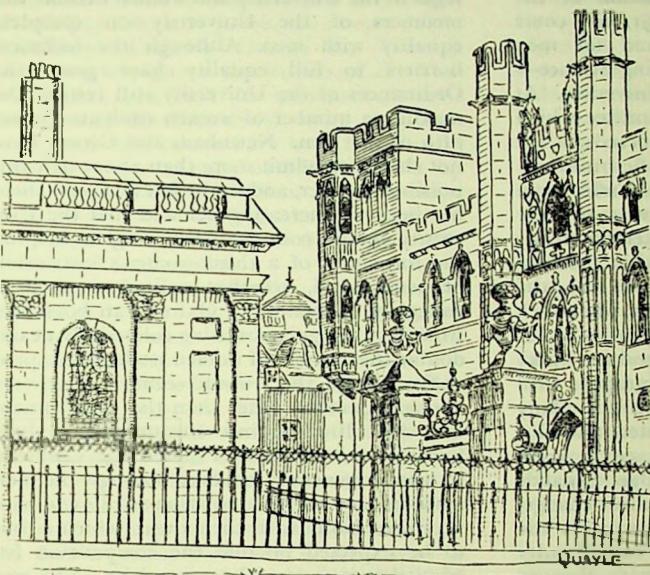
The 'boom' subjects since the war have been on the arts side History, Law and Modern Languages, and on the scientific side Medicine, Engineering and the physical sciences. Classics and Mathematics have, in general, appealed only to those who gained entrance scholarships in these subjects, although such combinations of Triposes as Classics and Law, Mathematics and Economics, have been favoured by the post-war generation partly because of their marketable or vocational value, as have Agriculture and Estate Management. The pre-war 'Ordinary Degree' in its old form has disappeared, save for the specialised subjects of Agriculture, Estate Management, Architecture, and Engineering Studies; and to the list has now been added (also mainly for vocational purposes) the Certificate of Proficiency in Christian Theology. A student may not now come up only to take the Special Examinations for the Ordinary Degree. But it is not this new restriction which has almost eliminated the pre-war men of leisure with limited abilities who came up in considerable numbers to read for the Ordinary Degree. Such men were already almost eliminated by the severe competition for entry and the great pressure on university places which resulted from the war. It merely recognises the fact that Cambridge has now become essentially a university of Honours Examinations, and the subjects which cannot for technical reasons be read for Honours, such as Agriculture and Estate

Management, tend to approximate more and more in their standards of candidates and work to those expected from candidates for Tripos.

There have been many laments, chiefly from schoolmasters and parents, though also from some Dons, that this has come to pass. It is true that one merit of a great university is that it contains the widest possible diversity of people, and the pre-war Ordinary Degree candidates often contributed a lot to the diversions as well as to the diversity of University and College life. They included many who have since prospered in their careers. It is also true that they used to include very idle individuals with brawn without brain whose time would have been much better spent elsewhere than at a university. Nor is there the slightest evidence that the sporting and social activities of Cambridge have notably suffered from the change. The achievements of the Cambridge eight in 1951, the standards of other major university sports, the rich variety of club life within the University, and the vigour of a newspaper like *Varsity* (which in its present role in the University is very much a post-war growth) suggest that Cambridge has lost little from its much-exaggerated 'new seriousness' since the war. The truth is that the old superstition that men of brain and men of brawn were two distinct types has been exploded. Given the very large field of selection for admission, Colleges have found an unexpectedly high proportion of men who can get Blues and still get respectable results in Tripos as well. And even the majority of lesser mortals seem perfectly able to strike a just balance between work and leisure which permits them to get more out of the University—and incidentally to contribute more to it—than the one-sided 'arties' and 'hearties' of pre-war days. I cannot believe that this change is anything but entirely for the better.

It is true, however, that in a university so evenly balanced between students of the arts and of the sciences, there is a real danger of its becoming two universities rather than one. This danger is greatly diminished by the collegiate system, which fairly successfully mixes men together regardless of their subjects of study. But it exists, and the chief reason is the rapid growth of the natural sciences and the degree of specialisation demanded by them. There is a constant pressure on the student of

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QUAYLE

*The Old Schools,
Administrative Headquarters of
Cambridge University*

Drawn by Peter Quayle

science and engineering to spend too much of his time in the laboratories, and to focus all his energies too narrowly on the accumulation of scientific knowledge and specialised skills. He tends to make friends chiefly among his fellow students in the laboratories who have interests similar to his own and who 'speak the same language' as himself. The inherent difficulties of dealing with a rapidly expanding field of human knowledge encourage him to exclude from his attentions even the work in neighbouring sciences. Yet there are impressive signs that these regrettable tendencies are being fought, and that the students of science have a real hunger for wider horizons which it is the undoubtedly duty of a Cambridge education to try to satisfy.

It has become almost compulsory for students of medicine, engineering and science to attend six-week courses of instruction during the Long Vacation, and this additional internment in laboratories is, on the face of it, further discouragement to wider interests. But the English Faculty discovered that courses of lectures specially put on during that period for scientists were welcomed enthusiastically

and attended by large numbers. Even during Term particular lectures of wide interest from time to time attract large audiences which include many scientists: striking examples being the courses given by Professor Butterfield on the 'History of Science' and on 'Christianity and History'. In the past year a special optional subject has been included in Part I of the Natural Sciences Tripos on the 'History and Philosophy of Science', but it is too early to say how popular this will become or how far it may lead to other similar changes. Nearly everything still remains to be done in the opposite direction: the provision of facilities for arts students to gain some insight into the mysteries of science. And although the breadth of scope of most of the arts Faculties diminishes the worst effects of narrow specialisation, it remains true that a student reading Law or Modern Languages finds little opportunity to learn something of Economics, or a student reading History to learn something of Modern Languages. The reformed Historical Tripos, which comes into operation in 1952, for the first time provides the option of a paper in the 'Principles of Economics' in Part II. And

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perhaps the new Whipple Museum of the History of Science, opened in 1951, may come to be a common meeting-ground for men studying History and men studying Science—the two largest Faculties in the University. At least the History of Science Committee which has been set up since the war proceeds in the hope that some such bridge can be built.

All Faculties, in varying degrees, suffer from a common dilemma. The growth of new specialisms within the Faculty exerts a steady pressure for some recognition within the field of undergraduate studies—that is, in the syllabus for the Tripos. The danger, when such pressure is successful, is that the syllabus either becomes hopelessly overcrowded and too bulky for the normal undergraduate to grapple with in three years, or else it becomes a miscellany of optional specialisms, fragmented and disjointed, so that the student cannot see the wood for the trees. Yet as knowledge expands Faculties (and Tripos syllabuses) must change, and it would be sterile merely to resist the pressure of new specialisms. What each Faculty must do, therefore, is from time to time to re-survey its whole field, re-shape its Tripos curriculum, and reduce the subject to its essential principles. It must concentrate on teaching these for undergraduate studies, discarding what is inessential but absorbing the fundamentals of new knowledge and integrating them with the old. This has already been done by the Theological, Law, Geographical and Historical Faculties, and to some extent by the Medical, Natural Sciences and Modern Languages Faculties. It is arguable that before long it ought to be done by other Faculties too: and certainly it is a problem on which every Faculty must keep an ever-watchful eye. The inevitable periods of time-lag, when a generation of undergraduates is burdened with an outworn curriculum or an overloaded syllabus, should be kept as short as possible. Fortunately there is every sign that the University as a whole is well aware of this need.

Women students in Cambridge constitute only about one-tenth of the total undergraduate population. Segregated in Newnham and Girton Colleges, they have nevertheless for many years shared all the other facilities and amenities of the University (save membership of the always bashful Union Society). But not until 1948 did the two Colleges become Col-

leges in the University and women become full members of the University on complete equality with men. Although the technical barriers to full equality have gone, the Ordinances of the University still restrict the maximum number of women students to one-fifth of the men. Newnham and Girton have not chosen to admit more than about half this possible number, and in the last few years there has been an increasing demand that the University should consider promoting or helping the formation of a third women's institution of some kind, whether collegiate or non-collegiate. Certainly as Oxford can boast five women's Colleges, admitting collectively nearly double the number of women students accepted at Cambridge, there would seem to be no very strong argument, other than the initial financial difficulties, against encouraging a third foundation for women in Cambridge. Contrary to what is generally believed amongst the men students, women's examination results compare very favourably with their own: which is but to be expected because the competition for admission is so severely competitive. The case for doing more than in the past to meet the great need for well qualified women in the professions and in business is one which is likely to be put with increasing force in Cambridge in the very near future.

The students in the University who are reading for further degrees or diplomas constitute special problems in education. In March 1952 the Board of Research Studies reported a total of 1,037 registered research students on its books, and 760 of these were in residence. In addition there is always a certain number of men and women reading for the LL.B. degree, the various Diplomas, and the Certificate in Education. So something like 1,000 students in residence in 1952 are engaged in education beyond the Bachelor of Arts degree, and they account for a remarkably high proportion of the teaching activities of the University. They include a large number of graduates from other universities, both in Britain and overseas. The students for the LL.B. and similar degrees, and those reading for Diplomas, are normally provided for by their Colleges in the ordinary way. Men reading for the Certificate in Education as a professional qualification for school-teaching must be accepted by the Department of Educa-

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tion, and women by Hughes Hall. The latter, founded in 1885 and previously known as the Cambridge Training College for Women, became a Recognized Institution of the University in 1949, and its students are now members of the University. Since 1949 also, both these institutions have been linked with the Cambridge Institute of Education, set up under the auspices of the Ministry of Education as an "Area Training Organization" and run by a Board of Governors of which the Vice-Chancellor is Chairman.

Research Students, who are working for the degrees of M.Litt., M.Sc., or Ph.D., are under the general supervision of the Board of Research Studies. Most of them aim at the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) which has become, since the First World War, the normal target for either the initial stages of research-work or the intending Don. Each is equipped with an official Supervisor who is responsible for guiding his work and helping him to overcome the many snags which lie in the path of initial research. There is often a very wide divergence between the amount of help which the scientific research-student (who far outnumbers the researcher in arts subjects) may get from his Supervisor, and that which the researcher in the arts may receive from his. This difference may be partly inherent in the nature of the work, and in the contrast between the tight organization of a laboratory and the very loose organization of an arts Faculty. But criticism has often been levelled against Cambridge that it does too little for its arts research students. Certainly little is done, as compared with other universities, to form 'teams' of researchers or to run group-seminars for them, and the prevailing mood is highly individualistic. The candidate for the Ph.D. in History or Languages is still treated as something of a free-lance, who may be helped over a very high stile but who should be good enough to find his own way through the wood. Even so, many Dons find themselves having to devote a good deal of their time to such students. Though the weaker may come off badly at times, the system works tolerably well because Colleges and the Board of Research Studies are assiduous in discouraging all save the most suitable and enterprising first-class men to embark on research at all. There are a few scientific Departments concerned almost ex-

clusively with research, as well as the mighty Cavendish Laboratory with its very large organization for research, which undoubtedly give devoted care to their research students.

No discussion of education in Cambridge in 1952 would be complete without mention of the vast and varied educational work of the University Board of Extra-Mural Studies. It is a remarkable and a somewhat reprehensible thing that nearly all undergraduates and many senior members of the University remain either unaware of its work or ignorant of its purposes. It is too often thought of as mainly concerned with courses for foreign students during the summer vacations, and indeed it does organize annually such courses for more than three hundred students, mostly from overseas. Yet Cambridge was a pioneer in university extra-mural education. In 1873 it set up a local lectures syndicate, to put on an official basis the work privately begun a few years earlier by James Stuart: London and Oxford followed suit within the next five years. Since then the practice of universities making themselves responsible for providing education outside their walls for serious part-time adult students has become general in Britain. Today Cambridge is responsible, jointly with the Eastern District of the Workers' Educational Association, for running weekly classes in a wide variety of subjects as far afield as King's Lynn in the north, Bedford and Northampton in the west, and Welwyn Garden City in the south. It maintains, as well as an administrative centre in Stuart House, some seventeen full-time staff tutors. In 1951 it was responsible for 56 University Extension Courses, 13 Tutorial and Sessional Classes, and together with the W.E.A. for 135 other courses. It provided for H.M. Forces in the region nearly 600 lectures and class meetings. The subjects taught in such classes are mainly History, English, Art, Music and the social sciences generally, although the biological sciences also have a place. In all, this extension of academic education of high quality to hundreds of serious part-time adult students in East Anglia is work, both in quantity and quality, of which Cambridge has every reason to be proud.

In 1951 a new development both for the accommodation of research students and for extra-mural work took place in the re-equipment by the University of Madingley Hall.

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This fine old house, some four miles out of the City, was bought by the University which decided to make it the subject of a five-year experiment. In term it should house research students, and in vacations it should be put at the disposal of the Board of Extra-Mural Studies as a place of residential adult education. It was completely re-decorated and re-equipped so as to house, by October 1952, some fifty people and feed up to a hundred or more. Dr. Raven, formerly Master of Christ's College and Regius Professor of Divinity, was appointed as its Warden. It meant heavy initial outlay of money at a time when the University had much else to do, and it encountered delays and difficulties inevitable in so large an undertaking in conditions of shortages. As an experiment its success cannot be judged until it has run at full capacity in the Michaelmas Term of 1952; but already several very successful vacation courses have been held there.

The picture of university education in Cambridge in 1952 is, therefore, one of expansion and diversification but also of persistent adherence to traditional and well-tried ways of life. Cambridge since the war cannot, like Oxford, boast of new Colleges or of startling new endowments on a large scale. In numbers of students it did not, like Oxford, suddenly make large increases followed by considerable contraction. As so often, the developments which have taken place have less sensational news-value. Rather has there been a steady and gradual accretion of new to old, and a firm yet cautious exploration of new opportunities.

The endowment, in honour of Cambridge's late Chancellor, General Smuts, of a Memorial Fund with an income of some £6,000 a year to be devoted to the development of Commonwealth Studies, is the latest and most typical benefaction for Cambridge education. The Fund was formed as the result of an appeal launched in 1951 by Mr. L. S. Amery and others. It has been decided that the first charge on the Fund shall be the endowment of a new Professorship in the History of the British Commonwealth. The residue may be used to promote Commonwealth Studies of other kinds in a variety of other ways. Every year a large number of men come to Cambridge from all parts of the Commonwealth, either as undergraduates, affiliated students or research students. Just as the reception of a good number of 'Fulbright Scholars' since 1949 has forged new links between Cambridge and the United States, culminating in the Fulbright Conference of American and British students of United States history and institutions to be held in Cambridge in the summer of 1952, so the new Smuts Memorial Fund is expected to forge similar links with the Commonwealth. Like the universities of Oxford and London, Cambridge must fill the role not only of a national university but also of a world university, where men of all lands meet in a common pursuit of "education, religion, learning and research". And it is such an environment that is the real education which Cambridge has to offer in 1952: it is this which helps to mould that transformed creature the *Baccalaureus in Artibus Cantabrigiensis*.

All in a Year's Work

Jocelyn Perraton

Assistant Editor of "Varsity"

SHORTLY before the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, the tutor of a women's college at Oxford made the remark that from the University point of view, the General Election had been fixed at a very convenient time, for no-one did much work during the first three weeks of the academic year. Certainly in Cambridge this was true this year; the various undergraduate political clubs canvassed busily in several constituencies—except for the Communist Party, whose offer of help was rejected by the Labour Club. The latter was supporting Jack Ashley, a former Chairman of the Club and ex-President of the Union, who was standing for North Finchley. Another ex-President of the Union, Norman St. John-Stevens, stood as Conservative candidate for Dagenham. Neither was elected, though both reduced their opponents' majorities. One of the former M.P.s for Cambridge University was re-elected in the constituency he held during the last Parliament—Dr. Pickthorn, Fellow of Corpus Christi, for the Carlton Division of Nottingham. Mr. Hamilton Kerr was elected for the Borough of Cambridge. Dr. Pickthorn was subsequently appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Education.

In Cambridge, as elsewhere, rising costs made much of the year's news. The price of seats at the Arts Theatre was raised for the first time in more than ten years. There were two successful innovations, however, in an effort to beat the cost of living. Alan Gillett, best known as a *Varsity* cartoonist, decided that College crested Christmas cards were too dear; he

therefore produced his own cards, with a drawing of Father Christmas being chased by the Proctors, and sold them at threepence each. Rather to his own and everyone else's surprise, he sold 13,000. The Union, to supplement its income from subscriptions, held the first of its Saturday dances on October 20th; it was considered a success from both the social and financial points of view.

A motion that women should be admitted to the Society as debating members only was defeated by a Private Business Meeting of the Union in November. At the end of term, the Presidency was contested by a member who had not previously held any other office; no similar case could be recalled by members of the Union staff. But the Vice-President was duly elected, and two first-year men were subsequently fined for canvassing on behalf of the unsuccessful candidate.

In his retiring address to the Senate, Mr. Roberts, the former Vice-Chancellor, said that the University would need an increase of more than £200,000 per annum in its Treasury grant over the next five years, if its activities were to be continued at their present level. Reductions in expenditure had already been necessary in the University Library and the Fitzwilliam Museum. At the end of term it was announced by the Faculty Board of the University that unless the grant was raised, there would be a deficit of about £15,000 this year and about one and a quarter million pounds during the next five years. However, although the exact figures have not, at the time of writing, been

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announced, it seems probable that the increased grants to Universities announced by the Minister of Education in February will be sufficient to cover this deficit.

Two College Masters made news in the autumn. The birthday of the Provost of King's in November was marked by the flood-lighting of the interior of the chapel on three successive evenings. The lighting made the stained glass visible from outside, and inside, showed up details of the carving which cannot be seen by either daylight or candlelight. It was estimated that several thousand people saw the floodlighting. A few weeks earlier, Dr. Adrian was installed as Master of Trinity in succession to Dr. Trevelyan, with the traditional ceremony. He walked alone down Trinity Street, knocked at the wicket gate, and had to present letters patent from the King before he was admitted. The actual installation took place in the Chapel behind locked doors, in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and Fellows of the College. In the evening, the scholars of Trinity were invited to dine with the Master and Fellows, and other members of the College were served with wine to drink the Master's health in Hall.

Trinity freshmen, like those of many other Colleges, were informed half-way through October that arrangements had been made for taking the annual Freshmen's photograph. Accordingly, one Thursday afternoon, more than two hundred undergraduates assembled in Great Court, clad in dark suits and gowns, and arranged themselves on the Hall steps. But no annual photograph is taken of Trinity freshmen; the outsize "camera" in the episode was operated by a Kingsman and member of the A.D.C., and the only photographs of the scene were those taken by a *Varsity* photographer who happened to be there.

Another enterprise from Trinity was the foundation by Tony Hepworth of a University branch of the Wine and Food Society of Great Britain in November. It was intended that the chief activity of the Society should be wine-tasting, but it was hoped to hold a dinner once a term. At the inaugural meeting of the Society, it was decided—apparently for no very good reason—that women should be excluded from membership. The President of the Society, Dr. Plumb, suggested that this might have a bad effect on future cooking. Members

of the Society conducted a survey of Cambridge restaurants to decide which were worthy of their patronage; some of the conclusions they reached caused a stir when they were subsequently published in *Varsity*, in a series of articles by Tony Hepworth.

The hoaxers returned to Trinity at the beginning of November, when a notice on the College screens offered for sale two gold-inlaid incense-burners, a pigskin-bound edition of Kafka, an embossed fly-swat and a Chinese pug-dog. No name appeared with the notice, but the address given was that of D. Hurd, who denied all knowledge of the affair. He put up a notice of his own offering for sale a leather sausage stamped L.N.E.R., a brass salt-cellar with a compartment for snuff, and a tame porcupine.

Cambridge came into the public eye when, as a result of public opposition, a widely publicised meeting at which Mrs. Monica Felton gave a "Report on Korea" was held at the Labour Hall instead of, as had been intended, the Guildhall. The original booking was cancelled by the Guildhall Lettings Committee on the grounds that "if the meeting took place, a breach of the peace was likely, and damage might be caused to Corporation property". The meeting was not marked by any incidents.

Rather happier publicity was that given by the B.B.C. to the Proctors in November, when Brian Johnstone was "progged" during a broadcast of "In Town Tonight". In an interview which followed, the Senior Proctor explained the history and function of proctorial discipline. The "progging" had been arranged beforehand; Brian Johnstone, in the company of two undergraduates, met the Proctor at an appointed time and was chased by a boller who was not in the secret. But the boller recognised Johnstone's voice as soon as he had caught him.

Although the autumn was mild, both women's colleges introduced fuel-saving restrictions. In Girton the central heating was turned off, and in most of the College there was hot water only at weekends. In Newnham, undergraduates were restricted to three baths not more than five inches deep a week. Incidentally, one of Newnham's regular nuisances seemed likely to be ended when at the City Council's October meeting it was decided,

ALL IN A YEAR'S WORK

following a request by Dame Myra Curtis, Principal of the College, to lop the trees in Sidgwick Avenue. Earlier in the year, the Newnham authorities had complained about the rooks which inhabited the trees, and which were said to disturb undergraduates with their cawing.

Bonfire Night passed off in the calm which is rapidly becoming traditional. One undergraduate was fined for throwing a firework on Market Hill. An insurance scheme to cover bonfire night risks was operated by a Trinity man, Geoffrey Roughton, who offered "sympathy and bail" in case of arrest, for a premium of half-a-crown. Six people took out policies and there were no claims.

Poppy Day plans in several Colleges were upset at the last moment, when, on the advice of the Senior Proctor, various revues which contained references to personages and events in the Middle East were withdrawn. A protest meeting held by Middle East undergraduates had threatened to take the matter to their Governments if the Clare revue, which included references to the Queen of Egypt and the Premier of Persia, were not cancelled. In view of the "inflammatory condition of world affairs" it was thought wiser to cancel all similar shows. The episode attracted some attention in the national press, and the Clare Poppy Day organizers, who produced instead a procession which included "Nero's Banned Wagon" and the "Roman Students' Protest Fund", thought that owing to the publicity they had received, they gained more money than they would have done otherwise.

Poppy Day was fine and sunny, but the river was still doubtless very cold for the many people who were immersed in it during the course of the day. Jousters in punts competed below King's Bridge for the hand of the Princess Natalie Cladde; a proctor and a doctor were captured by pirates and made to walk the plank from Silver Street bridge. Representatives of all Colleges took part in a race in beer-barrels above Silver Street bridge. Out of chivalry, the Girton entry was permitted to finish the course—Newnham's representative having given up half-way. All the other competitors came to a damp end, either by accident or through the interference of their rivals. In drier mood, a "Sober Selwyn Temperance Society" toured the streets, singing hymns and

making converts. The Dragon consumed several maidens before being slain by St. George; the Master of Trinity, disguised as one of the Marx Brothers, was installed; Lady Godiva was unveiled; Neptune held court; and a bicycle hockey match was played on Midsummer Common. Sidney Sussex won a kilderkin of ale for the highest collection per head, 21.27 shillings, and Fitzwilliam House won a firkin of ale for the highest total collected, £271 15s. 8d. In all, £4,000 was handed over to the British Legion. Trinity, the largest college, had an average per head of 2.78 shillings, the lowest of any college.

The river produced its usual crop of incidents. During the "getting-on race" at the end of term, a Caius undergraduate, fully dressed, rode his bicycle into the river near Ditton Corner. A collision occurred between Caius and Magdalene supporters on the bank, a Magdalene man fell off his bicycle, and the Caius man cannoned off him into the water. The river was shallow enough to stand in, but he had to go under again to fish up his bicycle.

The level of the River Ouse at St. Ives was lowered for forty-eight hours during the first weekend of November. The Cruising Club were thereby enabled to build a concrete containing wall for a new jetty, which will greatly improve their launching facilities. The work, which was carried out with the assistance of the St. Ives Rowing Club, was finished by electric light on the Sunday evening.

Two undergraduate magazines carried out notable enterprises during the term. *Granta's* first issue took the form of several large galley proofs in a beer-bottle, and was devoted wholly to the subject of bottles. Its second issue was a "make-it-yourself" magazine, in the form of a large envelope which contained a number of articles and drawings which the reader could select, reject or cut. *Oasis*, the poetry broadsheet, announced a poetry competition for which poems of under forty-five lines were invited. A first prize of two and a half guineas was offered. *Oasis* also ran a "Yeats Week", which included the sale of an issue of the magazine devoted to his work, and a talk on Yeats by Mr. T. E. Henn. Siobhan McKenna, the Irish actress, read some of his poems at a meeting in the Union.

Two Trinity gentlemen were concerned in



an affair of honour at the end of the term. After an exchange of letters between them about a note sent by one of them to a lady at Girton, which had come into the hands of the

other, it was decided to settle the matter with pistols on Trinity Backs. Before the duel took place, however, the event had received some attention in the national press. So on a cold December morning some twenty photographers and reporters, including cameramen from Pathé Newsreel and the Television Newsreel, and a crowd of nearly seventy, collected hopefully on Trinity Bridge to watch the event. And unknown to them all, the principals, seconds, and the lady, watched them from behind locked doors; at the last minute, the duellists, alarmed at the amount of publicity they were receiving, had come to an understanding whereby the honour of all parties was maintained.

and in the Lent Term . . .

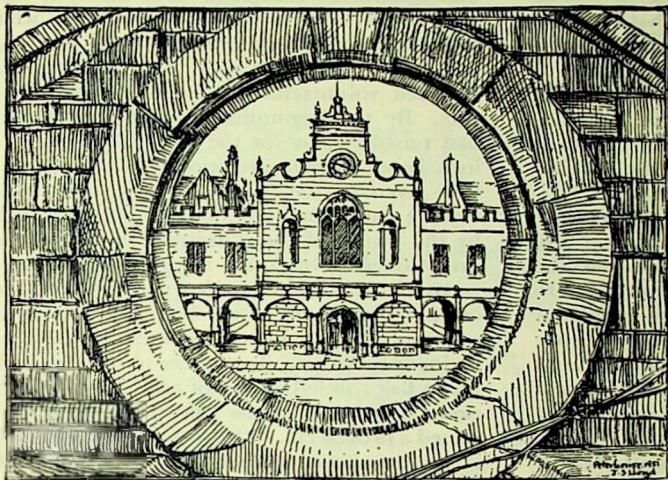
C AMBRIDGE, like the rest of the world, was shocked and stunned by the news of the King's death on February 6. Some lectures were interrupted for the announcement to be made, and college flags flew at half-mast until after the funeral, except for the six-hour period of the Proclamation of the Queen's Accession on February 8. The late King, who was an undergraduate at Trinity in 1919-20, visited Cambridge several times after going down. On his last visit, in April 1951, he, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended a Service of Thanksgiving in King's Chapel. The Blue Boat crew were presented to the Royal party and congratulated on their successes in America.

On the day of the Royal funeral, morning lectures stopped at 11. Great St. Mary's was filled to capacity for the official University Memorial Service at noon. The Vice-Chancellor, the Lord Bishop of Ely, other University officials and members of the Senate moved in procession from the Senate House to the University Church for the service, preceded by the Esquire Bedells who carried their maces draped and reversed. The service was conducted by

the Regius Professor of Divinity, and the Vice-Chancellor read the lesson. Crowds gathered on Market Hill to observe the two minutes' silence in the afternoon. Many events planned by University and College societies were cancelled or postponed until after the period of national mourning.

Queen Elizabeth II was proclaimed to members of the Senate in the Senate House by the Vice-Chancellor. The Proclamation was then re-read from the steps of the Senate House to junior members of the University by the Registrar, who was accompanied by the Vice-Chancellor, the Esquire Bedells, the University Marshal and the Proctors. Trumpeters sounded a fanfare, and King's College Choir sang the National Anthem.

The Union once again had a full programme of events, which was not seriously upset by the period of mourning, and there were more innovations during the term. An impromptu debate, at which only the first four paper speakers were informed in advance of the motion, was held in the first week of term. Members of the Union staff, including Mr. Elwood, the Clerk, his assistant, and the Union



Peterhouse
by Sam Lloyd

barman spoke at a later debate. The Union rules were amended to permit ladies to speak at two debates; previously, they have been restricted to one debate a term. Guest speakers from Oxford, Trinity College, Dublin, Glasgow, Illinois and Iowa took part in a debate which was recorded by the B.B.C. and broadcast in the Third Programme. Seven members of the Dutch Parliament, who were on a visit to this country, were in the gallery on this occasion. By way of lighter entertainment, the debating hall was decorated with aspidistras and portraits of eminent Victorians for a Victorian Musical Evening.

Brian Abel-Smith, Clare, took part, as the representative of both Cambridge and Oxford Unions, in a debating tour of India, Pakistan and Ceylon. The other members of the team were representatives of the National Union of Students and the Scottish Union of Students. Previously, a proposed debating tour of Canada had to be cancelled when the Canadian authorities made other arrangements.

Although the Chancellor visited Cambridge twice during the term, the official opening of the Training Corps' new Mess, which was to have been performed by him at the beginning of February, had to be postponed until later in the year. The arrangements were cancelled on the death of the King. The mess has already been in use for nearly two years. On one of

the Chancellor's visits, he watched his son proceed to his M.A. degree; on the other, he was a guest at the Air Squadron dinner, unveiled a War Memorial and dined informally with the Rifle Club.

Another distinguished visitor to the University was the Federal German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, who came informally in February. He and a party of nine lunched with the Vice-Chancellor, were shown round the University Library and Trinity College, and had tea with the Master of Trinity Hall.

Six Chinese students from the University of Peking came to Cambridge for two days at the beginning of February. They were on a three weeks' visit to this country under the auspices of the N.U.S. During their visit, they were present at an open meeting arranged by the City and University United Nations Associations, and were able to meet undergraduates informally. They also attended a performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" at the A.D.C.

Thirty-four members of King's College Choir, under Mr. Boris Ord, went on a ten-day tour of Switzerland at the end of March. They sang church music in cathedrals and churches in six towns, and their programmes included organ solos by a King's organ scholar. The expenses of the tour were paid by a Swiss musical organization.

Although the organizer of the Cambridge

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Accident Prevention Council, Sergeant Ives of the City Police, said this term that "in late years there had been a distinct improvement in the behaviour of cyclists", the proportion of road accidents involving cyclists in Cambridge is three times the national average. The accident rate is still increasing, and the Accident Prevention Council is alarmed at the number of accidents involving motor-cyclists.

Possibly in an attempt to reduce the accident rate, members of Caius painted a Zebra Crossing across Trinity Street between the main lodge of the College and the entrance to St. Michael's Court. Guards were posted at the entrances to Trinity Street while the work was in progress. The unofficial crossing was as far as possible cleaned off the road by Corporation workmen the next morning, but traces of it were visible for weeks afterwards.

In June 1951, an appeal for a Smuts Memorial Fund was launched. The £150,000 required was raised within six months, and the University has gratefully accepted the offer of the signatories of the appeal to endow a Smuts Professorship of Commonwealth Studies with other facilities. Meanwhile Cambridge, Grenoble and Uppsala were chosen by U.N.E.S.C.O. to conduct a campaign in support of the United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights. Its object was to discover what methods of propaganda were most successful in publicising the Declaration. The Cambridge campaign was conducted through schools, the press, bookstalls, a banner across Petty Cury and a display and enquiry office in a shop in Market Street. Polls were taken before and after the campaign to test the public's awareness of the Declaration.

An attempt is being made to increase the number of licensed lodgings in Cambridge before next October. This year, over a third of the students who are unable to live in College are in unlicensed lodgings, and the position is not considered satisfactory by the Lodging House Syndicate. The first organised form of licensing was set up in the reign of Henry III, and the Syndicate in its present form was established during the Napoleonic Wars.

The report of the University Health Service for the last year, which was published half-way through the term, showed that only twelve cases of tuberculosis were discovered among

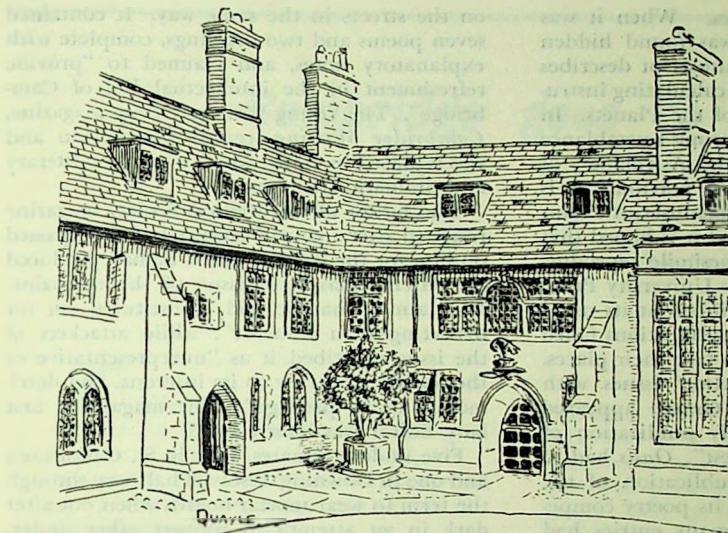
undergraduates, compared with nineteen the year before. The proportion of freshmen who had an X-ray examination had risen from 74 per cent. to 97.3 per cent., and over sixteen hundred volunteered for a clinical examination. By the beginning of term, Cambridge had raised £1,000 for the Students' Tuberculosis Fund. A ball, preceded by a civic reception given by the Mayor and Mayoress, was held in aid of the fund, which also benefitted by the profits of the Theatre Ball and of an inter-College seven-a-side rugger tournament.

An Emmanuel undergraduate received a compound fracture in the leg while watching a rugger Cupper match between his College and Sidney Sussex. Two of the players crashed into a flag and fell on top of him. In the same game, a member of the Emmanuel team sustained a broken rib. While on a visit to Oxford a few days later, Clare Rugger Club resumed a feud of two years' standing with Oriel College. Cars outside Oriel were festooned with toilet paper, and one of them was jacked off the ground on bricks. The Senior Proctor was summoned and dispersed the rioters. Later, a conference between the Proctor and the police was broken up by a shower of water from an Oriel window.

Other members of Clare were in the news during the term. When Cyril Fletcher was appearing in the pantomime at the Arts, three Clare undergraduates, in shorts and fancy waistcoats, one night joined the children whom he had invited onto the stage to sing "Who puts the dots on the Dalmatian dog?" They were chased off by the manager of the theatre.

At the end of February, two Clare undergraduates walked the 54 miles from the Senate House to Marble Arch in sixteen hours. They left Cambridge at 6.15 a.m., and had only four breaks of ten minutes each while on the journey. Meanwhile, a joint protest from the City Council and the University was made to British Railways about the train services to London. The Town Clerk, however, said that he did not think their efforts would meet with any success. Several services were suspended in the autumn.

Sir John Cockcroft, St. John's, was awarded a Nobel Prize for physics in recognition of his work in atomic research. A sadder event in St. John's was the death of the Master, Mr. E. A. Benians, in February. He had been Master



*Christ's College
by Peter Quayle*

since 1933, and had previously held the position of Senior Tutor. This was the second loss sustained by the College within three months; the Dean, the Rev. E. Raven, died in December. Mr. J. M. Wordie was subsequently elected to the Mastership, and became the third Master of a Cambridge College to enter into office during this academic year. In December, Dr. Welbourne became Master of Emmanuel in succession to Dr. Hele, who resigned owing to ill health. During the term death-watch beetle and woodworm were found to have been causing damage to sixteenth-century timbers in the Master's Lodge and the rooms on one staircase in Christ's. One of the rooms affected is directly above the gallery of the Hall. Pre-war plans for repairs and restorations to the old buildings are being carried out, and the timbers are being replaced by steel girders.

Although it is not in the Cambridge tradition to celebrate Carnival, the University's first Pancake Race was run on Shrove Tuesday, when the University Pancake Club challenged the Ladies of Newnham. Large crowds lined the course, which was from Trinity Great Gate to Market Hill. A bottle of wine was presented to the winner, a first year Newnham undergraduate, who was presented to the winning man. Both teams claimed to have been train-

ing for weeks, the Newnham ladies by going for an early morning run to Royston every day, the Pancake Club at the Blue Boar.

Various other important events during the term were celebrated. All first-year undergraduates at Girton received on the morning of St. Valentine's Day a miniature cupid's bow of rolled gold and silk. The valentines, which were accompanied by cards with the inscription "From your passionate admirers at the Ferry Dive", came from eight Queens' men who live in the same lodgings in the Ferry Path. On Valentine's Eve, seven undergraduates, wearing check shirts and black sombreros, sang Italian love-songs to the accompaniment of a guitar under the windows of Newnham in Grange Road. When they moved on to Sidgwick Avenue, they were greeted by volleys of snowballs from the direction of Selwyn.

After the announcement that identity cards were to be abolished, members of the Liberal Club held a ceremonial burning of identity cards in front of Trinity Great Gate. The College porters were unable to stop the demonstration, and the police intervened.

A manuscript dated 1392, thought to be the work of Chaucer, was discovered in the Perne Library of Peterhouse by Mr. D. J. Price, Christ's. The manuscript had been wrongly

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catalogued for four centuries. When it was dissected, Chaucer's name was found hidden under the binding. The manuscript describes the construction and use of a calculating instrument called the Equatorie of the Planets. In style and content it bears a strong resemblance to Chaucer's "Treatise on the Astrolabe", of which it may form a missing portion. It is possible that this is the only manuscript extant in Chaucer's handwriting, and it is hoped that an edition with notes and facsimile reproductions can be prepared by the University Press.

Literary composition continued at its usual rate during the term; some publications faded away, and others appeared to take their places. After producing several "stunt" issues with varying degrees of success, *Granta* appeared three times as "a fortnightly publication of humorous and literary interest". *Oasis* had to postpone for a week the publication of the issue in which the results of its poetry competition were announced; so many entries had been received that the judging was not finished in time. Towards the end of term, a parody of *Oasis*, entitled *Mirage*, appeared and was sold

on the streets in the same way. It contained seven poems and two drawings, complete with explanatory notes, and claimed to "provide refreshment in the intellectual life of Cambridge". The Young Writers' Group magazine, *Cambridge Writing*, ceased publication and was replaced by *I Spy*, which contained literary and dramatic criticisms.

The Editor of the Medical Society magazine resigned after a vote of censure had been passed on him for the style in which he had produced the Michaelmas term issue of the magazine. He claimed that he had "substituted wit for dissecting-room humour", while attackers of the issue described it as "unrepresentative of the Society, contrary to its interests, and detrimental to its prestige". The magazine's first lady Editor was later elected.

Five undergraduates, four in St. Catharine's and one in Downing, resolved half-way through the term to wear mortar-boards when out after dark in an attempt to convert other undergraduates to this traditional form of headgear. They have not so far achieved any noticeable measure of success.



Cambridge goes to the Theatre

John Wilders

President of the University Actors

TONIGHT the A.D.C. here has covered itself with glory with a production of Marlowe's "Edward II", I believe the best play I have ever seen in my long series of visits to the Club's little theatre.

For speed and vigour, and for firm handling of the verse, the performance throughout demanded and stood up to examination from a professional standard. . . . Altogether a most impressive evening.

W. A. Darlington in "The Daily Telegraph", December, 1951.

This marks the climax to the gradual but great improvement in Cambridge drama during the last four years. Each year's programme has been varied but disconnected. A continuity of development can scarcely outlast the three years' span of an undergraduate's life here, and such development as there has been can only be traced in terms of personalities. So many plays are now given in Cambridge, and one person in his time tends to play so many parts, that he may acquire a technical skill and individual style beyond the range of most amateurs. Purely by chance, recent years have provided a number of talented actors quite out of proportion to the size of Cambridge society.

To start with the mewlings and pukings of 1948, there was the A.D.C.'s uncertain, uninspired production of Pirandello's "Each in His Own Way". The trouble was that everyone did act each in his own way, and there was no unity of production or performance. In a May Week production of Vanbrugh's "The

Provoked Wife", production never reared its head, but John Wilders, Angus Mackay and Heather Brown emerged as performers with style and personality. If the A.D.C. was to justify itself as the leading dramatic society in Cambridge, a producer had to be found, and the aura of nonchalance dispelled. Otherwise artistic and financial bankruptcy seemed imminent, for Cambridge audiences must be wooed with a good performance as much as with a good play.

John Barton's presumptuous and outrageous double bill of "The Critic" and "Macbeth" in October, 1949, showed where a producer was to be found. But though the ambition of its organisers was wild, their application was detailed and sober enough. This may sound like a sneer, but in the amateur theatre, where enthusiasm is often lacking, the need for a producer's performance is very real. Julian Slade doubled, and almost brought off, Mr. Puff and Lady Macbeth, and the casts included most of the club's future stars—Angus Mackay (Sir Christopher Hatton, First Witch and Caithness), John Holmstrom (Governor of Tilbury, Ross and all three apparitions), John Wilders (Whiskeranos, Duncan, Porter, fourth gentlewoman and cream-faced loon), and Raef Payne (merely Dangle and Macduff). Michael Plaister (Banquo, etc.), in spite of his R.A.D.A. training, did not appear to advantage beside actors who already worked together, and yet showed individuality and freshness. The setting for "The Critic" was better painted than was usual in Cambridge, a Rex Whistlerish Folly by Colin Brown, who soon after repainted the A.D.C. safety curtain which still bore the

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horrid emblems of the mid-thirties. Raef Payne's "Macbeth" setting, in pond green and lichen splodges, was not so successful as his later designs for "That's All One", "Henry IV" Part I, and "All's Well that Ends Well". His muddy, careless style often proved more effective theatrically than the neater miniature work of other designers. The whole production received an exuberant slating in "The Cambridge Review", whose critic was as vigorously rebuffed by a correspondent:

".... I can only state roundly that I considered the production of Macbeth a tour-de-force, and that I was astonished at the skill shown by Mr. Barton both as actor and producer.... Cambridge should be proud of all this dramatic talent at the University, and proud of having a producer like Mr. Barton who is not afraid of aiming at the highest, because he has enough imagination and devotion to make his productions interesting though they cannot be technically perfect".

Imagination and devotion were certainly the qualities which won him his success. On the other hand, he is more an organiser than an interpretative producer, and technical perfection has increasingly become his goal. For he believes that the amateur actor will appear to best advantage and transcend his amateurism only when his technical surroundings are sound. Consequently, he has tended to give a minute attention to settings, costumes, groupings, stage management, lighting, and so on, rather than make production a matter of personal fireworks between him and his actors.

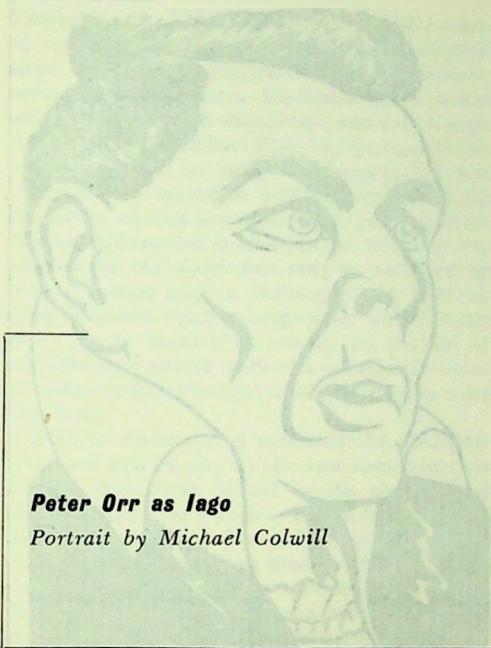
On the other hand, Peter Wood, the co-producer of Macbeth, achieved his best and worst effects by working himself and his actors into a state of emotional and intellectual excitement. From this drama might, or might not, emerge. Actors either trusted him profoundly or loathed him. He was alternatively shrewd and impractical, passionate and bored, helpful and harmful, genuine and hypocritical, and his own performance in the rehearsal room was, for him, as important as the actors' performance on the stage. As co-producer of "Macbeth", there was not enough scope for his personality and ideas. But into the first act of "Winterset", produced for the A.D.C. Nursery shortly afterwards, he crammed all the theatrical effects he knew; and, in spite of

young, inexperienced actors, achieved an exciting *coup de théâtre*. It was now realised that the producer might be of more importance in the Cambridge theatre than the actors, not only in achieving an artistic unity, but in helping to train newcomers.

His next venture, "The Moon in the Yellow River" by Denis Johnston, failed partly through miscasting, partly because the producer, after a brilliant start, lost interest in the play. The ensuing disappointment was however relieved by the rich eruption of Michael Hall into Cambridge drama. Here was a natural actor, with a professional ease, whose attack and humour enabled the Marlowe Society to cast "Henry IV, Part II" in the following term. Hall's warm, rough Falstaff was backed by Holmstrom's masterful verse-speaking as King Henry, Wilders' fulminating exuberance as an Irish Pistol, and Barton's lecherous, quirkish, melancholy Shallow. In November, 1950, Wood achieved in "The Browning Version" perhaps the most perfect piece of direction seen here in recent years. The art of it was unobtrusive, but by discreet stagecraft and a fine sense of timing the result was a deeply moving production. From David King he drew the most successful tragic performance of this period. But it was not until his "Othello" production with the University Actors at the beginning of 1951, that his urge for blazing theatricality was realised. He compelled from King an Othello on the grand scale, showing a physical and vocal power beyond the range of most young actors: he also took the risk of casting a newcomer, Peter Orr, as Iago, whose amateurish technique was offset by an intense and compelling voice. Laurence Fleming's costumes, in violent primary colours, were set dancing among the complex black and white arches devised by Timothy O'Brien.

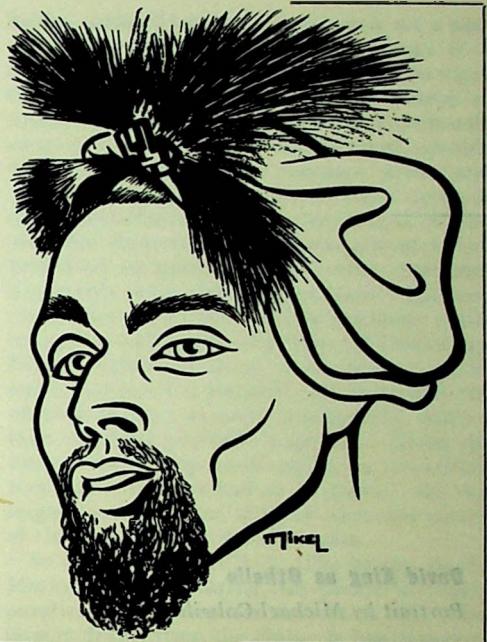
This prolific designer's work includes settings for the Marlowe Society's "Coriolanus", "Two Gentlemen of Verona", and "Julius Caesar"; and, in the A.D.C., "The Browning Version", "Lady May" and "Edward II". Working in the closest co-operation with his producers, he has set a standard of finely painted, solidly built work, which has always been artistic, yet theatrically practical. And his sense of dramatic colour, combined with his clean draughtsmanship have marked him as an outstanding and professional designer.

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Peter Orr as Iago

Portrait by Michael Colwill



His masterpiece was probably the detailed but spacious street setting for the A.D.C.'s "Comedy of Errors".

This, John Barton's next production after "Macbeth", was an interpretation of Shakespeare of a very different kind. Billed as "a Victorian farce of Mis-identification", the production turned the Antipholi into mashers emboastered and emblazered, the Dromios into Jack Tars, Courtesans into can-can girls, Dr. Pinch into a hot-gospeller, the Officer into a copper, and Aegeon into a patriarch in mutton-chops. The text was frequently jollied up with songs from odd nooks in the canon, set to period music by Geoffrey Beaumont—a sonnet in the style of the Indian Love Lyrics, a Strauss waltz for "Sigh no more, ladies", and a Stanford sea-shanty for "I shall no more to sea". According to *The Times*. . . .

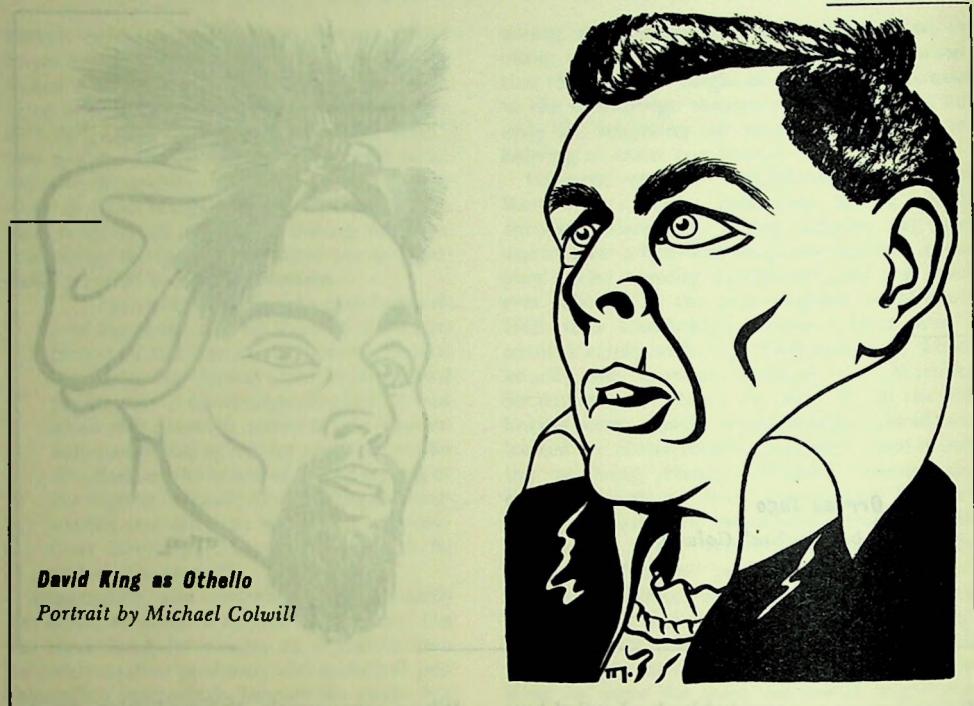
"The result is entertainment which, while its resemblance to anything in Shakespeare is deliberately coincidental, is as uproarious as anything to be seen in East End intimate revue."

When, consequently, the production was revived at the Watergate Theatre in London, Ken Tynan wrote

"Very little in the West End at present is more stylishly funny than this. . . . This is an exercise in a rare kind; parody with respect: a joyful faith in the play underlies the irreverence, and the result is a brisk and intelligent corrective to bardolatry. . . . From a company of remarkable poise and vocal assurance, one performance cannot help standing out—that of Mr. Angus Mackay who plays Antipholus of Syracuse with an immaculate definition which, coupled with tact and unsentimental good looks, impels me to hope that here may be our long-sought young maestro of urbane comedy."

This latter tribute is the climax to three years of polished urbanity by Angus Mackay, in which time he improved and refined a comedy technique in putting over those trifles which Cambridge audiences love. Which leads us to Julian Slade's "Bang Goes the Meringue"

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David King as Othello
Portrait by Michael Colwill

and "Lady May". In these comic operas, Slade did not aim high. His work does not stand serious criticism, but he knew what he was doing. Derivative, sentimental and naïve as much as his writing was, he was extremely assured in execution, and knew how to delight his audiences better than any other original writer in Cambridge. An almost too-fertile rhymster, a master of the saccharine, an adept in satire without malice, he demanded great style and poise from his performers. This the A.D.C., led by Mackay, were able to provide in "Lady May", a production which owed its success to the now-established technical skill of all departments, as much as to such typical trifling as:

*"Won't you come and take a look
At all my photos of Farouk—
Now he's a King who always looks
anointed.
And I have a rather gooey
Little shot of Jean Anouilh
Which explains why his Departure was
so Pointed."*

More original, though less popular, was John Barton's fantasy "That's All One", performed in October, 1950, from which a verse may be quoted, by way of comparison,

*"When old men sit with chilly dreams
In sad and ancient slippers;
And in the street there sound the screams
Of cold, but eager nippers;
When flu's and coughs and gripes abound,
And bodies are enjoyed by germs;
When it is warm beneath the ground
In dungeons, tombs, and holes for
worms. . . ."*

No original play in Cambridge has been quite so enchanting, nor yet so tedious as this exuberant, shapeless, charming, loquacious, utterly undramatic Tragical-Comical-Musical-Pastoral-Fantasy. The performance began with no less than three prologues, followed with a cricket match in Fifteenth Century costume and appeared to end several times before the curtain came down on an interminable third act. The style was a mixture of Fry (to whom he claimed no debt), Urquart's Rabelais, and Drayton's

"Polyoblion". The characters included a team of cricketing monks (Sebastian Bohunbreth Aspe, Ned Pendle-Gorber, Cuthbert Canker-bream and Humphrey Codhunter), "a blind old cricketer turned shepherd", and two Kings. As King Bung, Michael Hall had real *panache*, but overworked it; Julian Slade gave his best performance, eccentric and forlorn, as King Findebert of Candlemont. One can compare this amorphous lump of a play to nothing else written for the stage, but only to an exciting trifle. A long night's probing might unearth from it much thick sponge-cake, and various comic fruits, mashed in among the custard of morality and spiced with the occasional clove of melancholy. The bar profits, however, were excellent.

This production had probably the strongest all-round cast of any in the last four years; it showed that there would be no shortage of actors for the year's work. In the festival year, the A.D.C. itself actually did five plays. Later in the same term Julian Slade's "Subtle", and David King's "Mammon" proved once again their accomplishment in character parts, although this Dickensian production of "The Alchemist" was uneven and dowdy. Similar faults dogged "St. Joan", as competent designers were not available. In spite of this, Jean Storey, always a reliable actress, showed moments of real feeling and fire which held the play together. Peter Lewis, who has just missed the leading rôles in Cambridge, gave a terrific performance as that impossible De Stogumber. Time and again he has shown qualities of humour, authority and attack which might have put him at the head of Cambridge Drama, were it not for his stockiness and a certain rasping quality of voice. Even so, he has used these same qualities to advantage in the most varied parts. During the year, the A.D.C. used a new producer, Toby Robertson. Though his work has often lacked punch and cohesion, it has been always adequate, and in "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The Proposal", he showed a freshness of approach and an eye for humorous detail. But it is clearly experience as much as a flair, which the producer in Cambridge needs; the great difficulty has always been to give the would-be producer that experience, without running the great risk that he may at first positively harm his actors. For the Cam-

bridge actor depends far too much on a producer's encouragement and suggestions: it is really this which makes the producer so vital. Of course, such deficiencies do not matter so long as every dramatic group remains avowedly amateur. But as sloppy shows repel possible audiences, and finances become more and more precarious, committees have had to tighten standards, whether they like it or not. *Amateur Dramatic Club* is now almost a contradiction in terms, and its work compares favourably with that of provincial repertory companies. With every minor luminary hankering for stardom, the organisers of Cambridge Drama rightly insist on a standard of excellence; competition for parts and the experience obtainable from so many productions, make a high standard perfectly possible. Often the unamateurish step of dropping an unsatisfactory performer has had to be taken. All this might be pernicious, if there were not plenty of clubs to cater for the dilettante.

So much for the A.D.C. The history of the Marlowe Society during this period is closely parallel as its committee and actors have been largely drawn from the club. It has, however, certain precise aims, particularly a tradition of good verse-speaking maintained and enlivened by Mr. George Rylands. A scholar, a man of the theatre, and, above all, a personality, he and Mr. Donald Beves as senior members of the university can alone impart a spirit of continuity to Cambridge Drama. Thanks to their work, Cambridge has become, after Stratford and the Old Vic, one of the foremost centres of Shakespearian production in the country. Verse-speaking among professionals has always been shapeless and perverse. So, with the emergence of competent undergraduate producers, Mr. Rylands has left the direction of movements and groupings, crowd scenes and battles, largely to them, devoting himself to the swift, musical and measured delivery of the verse. In March, 1949, Ross Lewis produced "Henry VIII" (cast of 86, including full choir and a serpent-player), in which John Wilders made an impressive début as Wolsey. Its drums and tramplings were succeeded in the summer by Mr. Rylands' delicate and melancholy "Twelfth Night" in Eighteenth Century costume. A strong cast was led by Donald Beves, foolish-wise as Feste, and a Sir Toby and Sir Andrew who threw new

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light on the Johnson-Boswell relationship. John Holmstrom's Sir Andrew was one of the most moving performances Cambridge has seen. He had a sad, reed-like voice, the accent of a genteel minister from Perth, and a face which seemed always on the verge of tears; yet, in dandified costume and spaniel wig, he remained essentially comic. After a long apprenticeship as the Marlowe Society's heavy artillery, he suddenly produced a machine-gun burst of comic eccentricities, wildly funny and uncontrolled.

"Coriolanus", the Society's Lent Term production for 1951, was by George Rylands, aided by Barton and Wood, who directed the battles and crowd scenes. Such a division was particularly successful in this play; difficult tempo and phrasing of the verse requires a detailed attention which can seldom be given by a producer preoccupied with the management of interminable mobs and Volscians. In the following summer, George Rylands directed a streamlined "Faustus" in a double bill with "The Two Gentlemen of Verona". John Barton produced the latter play with a stress on lightness, humour and mood. Both plays went at a great pace (they took 80 and 95 minutes respectively), and though their styles were widely different, each insisted once again on accomplished verse speaking. In *The Observer*, Ivor Brown wrote:

"Faustus was a triumph for George Rylands, the producer, and for David King, an undergraduate of twenty who brought to the title part an astonishing force and maturity. I have not seen a professional company plunge better into this torrent. . . . David King's attack in the part, his early eagerness and later agony were immense, and there was no effort at sneaky subtlety in Tony White's Mephistopheles. This was the devil in full fettle, another bravura performance which, with some good demoniac lighting assisted in giving the audience a hell of a good time."

Barton began his production of "Two Gentlemen" with the idea that even a comparatively obscure Shakespearean comedy may be funny, without irrelevant comic business. The humour was therefore drawn mainly from dialogue and characterisation, and, with a band of ex-public school outlaws, Mr. Beves's Launce,

and a dog that acted the whole cast off the stage, the result was as entertaining as this play could ever be.

The work of the other Cambridge dramatic groups must now be surveyed. The Footlights, with only one public show a year, suffer from lack of production. This has been a discouragement to many of Cambridge's best revue artists, who have preferred to make more frequent appearances with other societies. The Footlights is a gentlemen's club, closely associated with good speaking at the Union and good dining at the Pitt. They have attempted to bring this attitude of gentlemanly half-heartedness into their productions, but have not realised that a successfully casual performance can only be the result of underlying technical skill. Simon Phipps, their president of three years ago, was one of their few members to have such skill. It was evident in that memorable cricketing song, in which he toddled onto the stage in white flannels and cap, looking like the bewildered hen which he could imitate to perfection, and delighted the audience with his light voice and easy charm. Ian Kellie, his successor, was less accomplished, but heartier. The game now was not cricket, but rowing. And his casual crew of Peter Jeffrey, Michael Miller and Peter Firth provided some good, clean sport. This worked well enough for individual sculls, but leaks were apparent in the grand regatta of the production numbers, where the entire showboat sank. Nothing, however, could quite sink that dreadnought Robin Tuck, who looks like being this year's flagship. It is their lackadaisical approach which makes a visit to the Footlights pleasant, but disappointing. Their high reputation both in and outside Cambridge has largely been achieved for non-theatrical reasons, for they can always cash in on the mood of May Week. To achieve a genuine theatrical success, they must try to raise their general standard to the level of their best contributors. For it is now generally agreed that a good revue demands as much co-ordination as any branch of the theatre. At present, Michael Hall's personality and technique is streets ahead of the other performers. Among the composers, Brian Reece, with his exuberant waltz finale to the 1951 revue, shows that he has a style and flavour of his own. Geoffrey Beaumont, on the other hand, is at home in any style,

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from the sentimental song ("The Waterloo Road") to spoof Elizabethan and Victorian.

The activities of the A.D.C. and the Marlowe Society have inevitably deprived the other societies of some of their best performers. This is especially true of the University Mummers, who lost David King and Jean Storey soon after their arrival. In any case, their productions have not been memorable. They were not intended to be. This society exists mainly for its regular play readings and social occasions. They cater for those whose theatrical interests are mild, and their public productions are devised for the entertainment of their members as much as for the audience. The result is sometimes dreary, as in "Too True to be Good", but occasionally achieves a quality of its own. A critic in the *Cambridge Review* wrote recently—

"I was surprised and grateful to find that the Mummers' performance of 'A Month in the Country' was pleasant, modest, and almost on occasion, delicate. . . . There was intelligence combined with naivety, worldliness with innocence, clumsiness with charm."

No such endearing qualities relieved the Cambridge Theatre Group's worst efforts. "The Three Sisters" and "Blow the Man Down" touched rock bottom. But somehow it is impossible to connect such shows with the first-rate intimate revues they have put on since the first "Hey Nonny No!" in February, 1949. Adrian Bristow's range as a lyric writer, Jimmie Beament's rollicking syncopation as a composer, and Malcolm Burgess's confectionary flare in design, blended under Peter Power to make their first two revues comparable with any similar London production. They succeeded because they were playing to an undergraduate audience, ready to relish the satire, savour the wit, and welcome the personalities with friendly laughter. It is a great pity that they ever took this outside the intimacy of the A.D.C.: for those who only saw their recent failure in the very different atmosphere of the New, will remember "Hey Nonny No!" as a flat, unimaginative show by under-rehearsed and unenthusiastic performers. Yet, with some inimitable work by Donald Beves and other veterans, this group has, on occasion, reached the heights. The Comedy Theatre Group has revealed little in the way of per-

formers or producers, and to quote a recent article in *Varsity*,

" . . . has recently shown enterprise in its choice of plays, but inevitably suffers from being the eighth group to comb the University for talent".

The Young Writers' Group, presenting an original play by an undergraduate each year, has so far disappointed. But their project is excellent, and it is good to know that any promising playwright in the university will have the chance of having his work brought into the theatre. Their selection has been varied. In 1948 we had "The War Within" by Ian Crichton, a prolific writer, workman-like but trite. He was successful in straight, humorous dialogue, but floundered in the deeper psychological and moral issues he had raised. By contrast, the following year's "Why Go to the Zoo?" aimed low to achieve bellylaughs and rib-ticklings. Beverly Baxter would have loved it. The whole creaking apparatus of chuckle-making was blatantly exploited—a school-ma'am was incarcerated in a basket, a Wodehousian young officer smugly debagged, a comical policeman comically deprived of his helmet, and Donald Beves, called in as an unlooked-for plumber to bring down the curtain. It was, in short, very comical. But it was also felt that this was not quite the success the Young Writers ought to seek. Far more satisfying was Peter Marris's "The Wedding of the Ice Princess", a modern version of the Turandot legend, which coped surprisingly well with philosophising and moralising, and which showed a limited but genuine power of characterisation. The style was certainly derivative and the whole effect not exciting, but it showed that an undergraduate could bring off a serious play—which people had begun to doubt. Their production last term was Hugh Thomas's "Some Talk of Angels", more like an extended smart revue than a play. He imagined that dialogue spoken in high society was automatically witty, and that a fantasy did not require sound construction. Consequently, though the piece had momentary flashes of wit, the theatrical impact as a whole was weak.

Other productions this year have included Michael Hall's "Twelfth Night", a simple, good-natured evening, less stylish and moving than that of the Marlowe Society, but with Toby Robertson as another good Aguecheek,

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Tony Church as a funny but undignified Malvolio, and Sasha Moorsom very genuine and fresh as Viola. The University Actors' "Antigone" contained ambitious performances by Jean Storey and David King, which were not wholly successful but showed them to be actors of real stature. On the other hand, the Mummers chose in "The Queen's Comedy" a play beyond the scope of their players. John Barton's production of "Edward II" for the A.D.C. proved that an audience can be moved by impeccable technical handling, swift, clear speaking, and firmly directed crowd scenes. He had a uniformly strong cast, whose experience and assurance rarely flagged. The same virtues were evident in the recent Elizabethan "Julius Caesar". These productions were the final fruit of the many labours described in this survey.

The following summary of the rôles played by Cambridge's leading actors may suggest the scope of their work during the past four years: *John Holmstrom's* Creon in "Oedipus Tyrannus", Aguecheek, Captain Potts, P.C. Iitis and King Henry IV; *John Wilders'* Wolsey, Sir John Brute, Pistol, Junius Brutus, Valentine, Dromio of Syracuse (Second Edition) and Julius Caesar; *John Barton's* Quince, Teiresias, Belch, Macbeth, Shallow, Parolles, Inquisitor, Orsino, and Ulysses in "No War in Troy"; *David King's* Caliph in "Hassan", Aegeon, King in "All's Well", Aspe, Crocker-Harris, Mammon, Menenius, Othello, Gypsy Earl, Faustus, Speed, Prospero, Belch, Creon in "Antigone" and Casca; *Angus Mackay's* Heart-free, Randall Utterword, Antipholus of Syracuse, Sneak, Bunthorne, Warwick in "St. Joan", Jack Worthing, Michael Manners and Hippolito in "The Enchanted Island"; *Julian Slade's* Puff, Lady Macbeth, Loud Spouter in "Bang Goes the Meringue", Dromio of Syracuse (First Edition), Findlebert of Candlemont, Subtle, The Dauphin in "St. Joan", Algernon Moncrieff and Brian de Brae in "Lady May"; *Michael Hall's* Trock in "Winterset", Willy, Falstaff, Bung, Dunois, Young Spenser in "Edward II" and Cassius; *Peter Orr's* Iago, Coriolanus, Young Mortimer and Brutus; *Tony*

White's Ananias in "The Alchemist", Lodovico, Tullus Aufidius, Mephistopheles, Haemon, Gaveston and Mark Anthony; *Peter Lewis'* Fregg, De Stogumber, Duke in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", Caliban, Dromio of Ephesus (Second Edition), Lightborn, Thumpkin and an unrivalled gallery of citizens; *Toby Robertson's* Seedless, Beelzebub, Aguecheek, Lomov and Edward II; *Anne Percival Smith's* Gaby in "The Petrified Forest", Viola, Helena in "All's Well", Christina in "Bang Goes the Meringue" and Lady May herself; *Jean Storey* as Doll Tearsheet, Luciana, St. Joan, Gwendolen Fairfax, Julia and Sylvia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", Olivia and Antigone; *Joy Congden's* Dynamene, Desdemona, Virgilia and Miranda; and *Sasha Moorsom's* Doll Common, Bianca, Cynthia Plushington in "Lady May", Julia and Sylvia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", Luciana, Viola and Helen in "No War in Troy". These were the most prolific performers, but there have been a number of others whose work has shown particular individuality and skill, including Heather Brown, Joyce Quinney, Pauline Curzon, Sally Carter, Jean Parry, Robin Tuck, Colin Temblett-Wood, Trevor Stratford, Gavin Blakeney, Eric Cross, Roger Jenkins, Mark Boxer, Nigel Forbes-Adam, Tony Church and Michael Mayne.

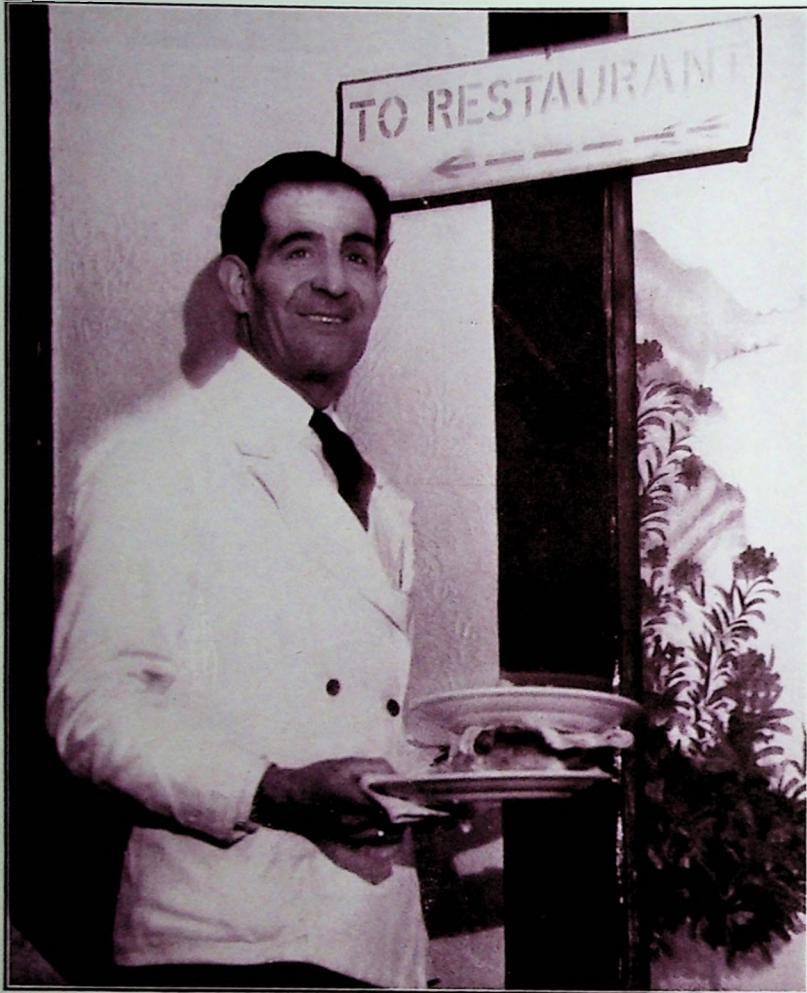
The immediate post-war generation of actors were old enough to give mature performances, but could not devote sufficient time to their acting owing to the demands of the tripos and their wives and families. It is to their successors, neither fresh from school, nor long-detained in the Forces, that the improvement in Cambridge drama is due. They, however, are being replaced by young public-school Hamlets and St. Joans who mimicked their school producer well enough, but cannot as yet work out convincing performances of their own. Some of them should, in their last year, attain the standard of recent performances, but a large team of good actors seems to have been the gift of fortune, and we must not expect it to occur again.



Oh, Mr. Porter

Four Cambridge Portraits

by Martin Wray



Lokma à la Grecque . . .

Waiter at the Gardenia



. . . . *Tourisme à la Americain*

Sightseer on the Backs



*Sir Lionel Whitby
Vice-Chancellor of the University*

Sir Lionel Whitby and the University Health Centre

FOR four years now, Cambridge University Health Service has been a pioneer in the field of preventative medicine; its aims, to promote the highest possible degree of natural health through a proper balance of physical and mental activity and by preventing through early diagnosis and treatment, the incidence of disease, reflect the medical opinions of one who believes in Health in the widest possible sense of the word. For the Health Service was to a large extent the brain child of Sir Lionel Whitby, Master of Downing, Regius Professor of Physics, and now Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Sir Lionel was born in 1895 at Yeovil, and came to Downing as a senior scholar in 1914. During four years' service in the Royal West Kent Regiment, he rose to the rank of Major, lost a leg, and was awarded the Military Cross. Coming up to Cambridge after the war, he proceeded in due course to Middlesex Hospital; there he obtained a Freeman Scholarship, and his brilliant academic career was only the prelude to an even more distinguished professional experience, during which he has accumulated a long list of prizes, medals and awards, including the rank of Commander in the American Legion of Merit, and culminating in the Presidency of the British Medical Association.

During the late war, Sir Lionel Whitby was head of the Army Blood Transfusion Service. In the autumn of 1948 he became Master of Downing, and last year Vice-Chancellor.

Shortly after the war, an approach was made by the Blues Committee to the University Authorities to see whether

something could be done to provide a gymnasium for the use of the various University Athletic Clubs. At the same time there was being evolved a University Health Service with its headquarters in the Downing Naval Hut. But there was a third scheme on the move. Throughout the world doctors were beginning to realise for the first time how tremendously the mode and circumstances of a nation's life influenced its health. There was need of a School in Cambridge to study these problems of health and environment. It was Sir Lionel Whitby who first suggested that these three ideas might well be merged into a single undertaking, with its home not in a hospital annexe, but at a spot associated in everyone's minds with health and sport. With careful plans drawn up by the School of Architecture the new Department at Fenner's came into being.

It seemed strange then, and it may even be surprising now, that a new scientific department of the University should arise at Fenner's; but Human Ecology is a new and unusual subject. It looks for the causes of ill-health in a nation's way of living; in dark and overcrowded houses; in the tumble and stress of modern city life; in the monotony of dismal and repetitive jobs in factories and offices. Hand in hand with it goes the doctrine of preventative medicine; it may cost only a few pence to immunise a child from diphtheria, but it may cost a hundred pounds to cure him once he is infected. These are tremendous subjects, and research at Cambridge must at present be content with investigating a few important aspects of them.

Professor Banks, head of the new depart-

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ment, is beginning a national survey of the Health and Welfare of the Family; the money for that will come from the World Health Organisation and the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Allan McFarlan is enquiring into the causes of infantile paralysis. Dr. Hislop, with money from the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals trust, is investigating the problems of co-ordination and efficient use of the medical services of East Anglia, whilst Mr. Jacobs is carrying out research into chronic rheumatism.

The final solutions of the problems with which these projects are concerned may or may not be close at hand. They will almost certainly be found, not as a result of the studies of any one man or group, but by the consideration of many thousands of observations and results from several centres of study. Part of that work falls to the Statisticians, yet another section of the new Department.

The work of the new gymnasium, and of Fenner's itself is wholly complementary to that of the Ecologists; the inauguration of the physical training department is very much an act of faith, and its future will depend entirely on the response which it receives from undergraduates.

The third activity at Fenner's is that of the University Health Service itself, linking together the work of the two other spheres of activity. The three years which the service has spent in the old Naval Hut have been encouraging ones, and a lot has been done, with the help of tutors, to establish the habit of volunteering for an annual X-ray test. Ninety-seven per cent. of the Freshmen were X-rayed last year, and the number of seniors coming for examination is expected to double itself this term.

But, of course, the success of such schemes cannot be measured in numbers. It lies in the fact that each year several people have been found in whom there are the first signs of infection; in giving these people the chance of cure and convalescence before coming back to their studies, the Health Service has saved them from serious illness which might not have become apparent for years, and it has saved others from the infection which spreads so easily in an overcrowded University. It was a great tribute to the pioneer work of the University Health Service that when the British Student Health Officers' Association was formed this summer, Sir Alan Rook, Cambridge University's Senior Health Officer, was unanimously chosen as its first President.

Such, then, are the three pillars of the new University plan for Health—the Scientists, the Sportsmen, and the Doctors. It has taken the three of them a long time to come together, and in the nature of things there will no doubt be days when the gymnasts will wish the medical men sent packing with their black bags back to Addenbrooke's. The Englishman has traditionally looked on his medicine with a wry face, and as a last resort. But down at Fenner's they are building a new concept of the doctor's duty in society; they are proving that his mission is not only to tend the sick and comfort the dying—it is also to counsel the strong. That is the ideal; that is the way to build a healthy community. Let there be co-operation on all sides, a demonstration by the strong that they are willing to be counselled, and the ideal will have found the means to become a reality.

A Cambridge Sporting Retrospect

compiled by

Paul Rudder

THERE are many who could never tell the significance between black-shirts and brown, there are more who imagine Chimborazo and Cotapaxi are in Clapham or China: it matters little. But to be unaware of the subtle distinction between light and dark blue, and to be oblivious of the call of Fenner's or Iffley Road is ignorance indeed.

Throughout the year at certain times this country seems to have a convulsion and split itself into two camps, those who support the Light and those who favour the Dark. Conversation suddenly becomes limited to vague references to Barnes Bridge, the state of the ground at Twickenham or how to cope with "that nasty leg-spinner they have" according to the season. As in politics the choice of sides made by the general public is illogical, unreasonable and quite inexplicable: normally it is determined by inborn colour preference. Once the choice has been made however nothing will change it: Oxford and Cambridge may be just names on the railway time-table to many, but whenever they challenge each other to a sporting contest it is the nation's interest, and the game or race is fought out many times beforehand on bar-room tables, in directors' conferences or on the back-rows at schools.

Why all this interest and partisan spirit is shown is probably due to the fact that it is at the two Universities that the highest overall standard of amateur skill in many games is shown. Many people realise this, but few appreciate the contribution that these athletes make to the nation's sport by playing as inter-

nationals, by competing and instructing at schools, by joining their home clubs and so forth, both whilst they are still students and after they have gone down. This chapter is intended to give a very brief and general impression of this effect that University sport has on this country. It is, on account of its brevity, an incomplete picture and of course it is viewed from the Light Blue corner.

hockey

The game of hockey is enjoying great popularity among spectators and players alike, at the present time. The annual Varsity match at Beckenham is regarded as the showpiece of the game. Taking part are two teams of fit and well-trained men. The players know each other's play and so are able to combine in clever movements, at the same time showing more than competence in the stick-work, tackling and shooting that are, after all, the basic elements of play.

This groundwork in skill and technique is well-laid in the schools, for the Universities receive the cream of school players into their numbers. Nowadays, too, when the necessity of National Service often brings a reward in sustained fitness and two years' experience upon the school style, there 'come up' more mature resources.

Thus it is that the Universities yield to the Club sides the advantage of experience but add to their own skill the fitness and teamwork that everyday practice can bring, a strength often and necessarily denied the most eager Club man. Every year the Varsities are

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE

able to put into the field teams that can face, with varying confidence, the best Club sides. They look forward, also, to the hard-fought games with the Service teams who, as they have similar opportunities for hard training, are tough propositions.

It is not surprising, then, that the home hockey world follows their several fortunes with particular interest. The two sides are often regarded as a measure of standard and performance. Their high standard of play is appreciated too by the International selectors, who, in Barton Road alone, have found in the last two seasons a happy hunting-ground. Holmes, Button, Day, Cockett and Forster of the 1951 Blue team all have played for England at some time or other; Taylor, and Clark (who was not selected for that game)—and now Griffiths and Peeling—have played for Wales. Significant, and be it said, typical of the influence of University hockey on the England team alone, was the inclusion of seven Light and Dark blues in the side that met Ireland last year.

Perhaps as important as the contributions of Cambridge hockey to the higher regions of international conflict, is that given to the 'hockey' schools. The Wanderers' Club—consisting of some thirty of the best players in the University—play as many as fourteen matches with the bigger schools. These games are keenly anticipated by the boys who find great encouragement in playing against speed and fitness that they can achieve with application. Running hockey in most of these schools, where the future of the game is made so safe, are many old Blues, and at Felsted, Framlingham, Marlborough, the Leys, to mention only a few, Cambridge players are busy giving confidence and advice.

The Universities are life-giving springs to home hockey. It is inconsequential to ask which is flowing more richly (if the metaphor can be continued!)—for the answer will be partisan and tentative. This year Cambridge won a high-scoring match 6—3; last year they lost 0—4. On both occasions the standard of play was high and the interest keen. Next year (it is said with confidence) the two Clubs can be relied upon to provide a similar treat and to continue to enrich the game as they have done in the past.

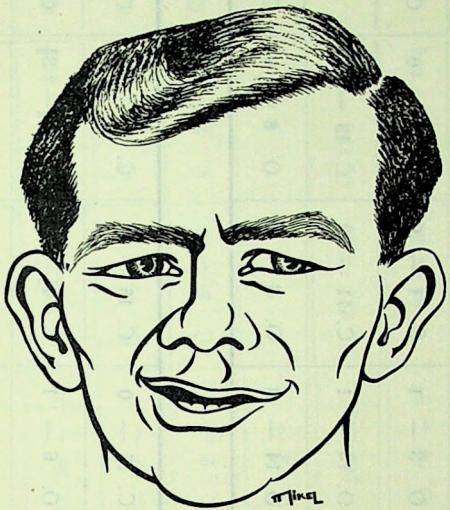
CRICKET

There has been, too, a marked improvement recently in Cambridge cricket. The international honours gained by the University have been outstanding. In Test Matches at home and abroad last year, no fewer than six Light Blues at different times found a place in the England XI—compared with one Oxford player. Of these, Freddie Brown has been England's captain in the last two series, and can lay more than ordinary claim to being considered a Cambridge man. Not only was he up at St. John's as an undergraduate, but he learned his early cricket at the Leys School. He can lay more than ordinary claim, too, to being considered one of England's best—as he is one of England's most popular—captains. A man who takes upon himself the alarming task of reviving the fortunes both of the Northamptonshire and the England XI's must have more of that quality commonly called "guts" than most. His exploits in a prison-camp during the war bear this out. Although he failed to bring back the Ashes on the last M.C.C. Tour of Australia, he succeeded in leading England in the final Test to the victory which had evaded her since that marathon match at the Oval in 1938. Since the M.C.C. Tour, Brown's greatest achievement has been the winning of the rubber last season against South Africa.

Two other Light Blues were chosen in a number of the Tests last summer to help him in this task—Trevor Bailey and Peter May. The former had already established a reputation in Test cricket—greatly enhanced by his all-round performances in Australia—and he had some notable achievements during the season. His 97 in the Test at Leeds, for instance, of considerable merit intrinsically, had the added quality of rallying the England innings at the very moment when it seemed that South Africa's giant total would never be reached.

It was in the same match that Peter May made his spectacular Test Match début. His previous appearance in a first-class match in Yorkshire had been in the ill-fated "8 for 2" Test Trial at Bradford. After his failure there Yorkshiremen at the Leeds Test were sceptical. His fielding on the first day quite unnecessarily caused concern. Yet two days later the crowd was cheering ecstatically when May completed his maiden Test century with the crispest of

A SPORTING RETROSPECT



T. W. Wells

Portrait by Michael Colwill

cover drives and repeated the stroke with obvious relish the very next ball.

This innings, despite the wild sweep to leg which concluded it, was a gem—a gem where every stroke cut its glittering facet. Yet the innings gave more; it gave one the opportunity, since May and Hutton were batting together for a considerable time, to compare May with the master. From this, one outstanding fact emerges. Although he is obviously less experienced and mature than the Yorkshireman, May's dead-bat shot against slow bowling is little, if at all, inferior to Hutton's: there could be no better basis on which to build one's batting skill.

The cricketing reputation of Cambridge has always been high. Yet even if one accepts a lowering in standards since the war, the large number of Cambridge men who have represented their country at cricket in recent years must surely bear witness to the fact that not only the reputation but the standard of Cambridge cricket remains as high as ever.

S O C C E R

The first thing that needs to be said about University soccer is that its standard, like that of amateur soccer generally, is rather higher now than it was before the war. That may

appear to be a not very profound observation, but it is one which has not been made sufficiently often.

There are two main reasons for this improvement, one of which, however, is becoming less important and significant. In the first place, since 1945 men coming up to the University have been more developed, physically and athletically, than their predecessors, owing to their various lengths of service in the Armed Forces; and they have experienced a more vigorous species of the sport (i.e. soccer) than they would otherwise have known. This, of course, has proved invaluable. Now that increasing numbers of people are coming up straight from school it remains to be seen whether this "vigorous cult" will last.

The second reason is not entirely unconnected with the first. Although the footballing ability of the players has been generally more mature in itself, it would have achieved nothing like the success it has had if not been for the skilled professional advice and coaching of such people as Billie Nicholson, the Tottenham and England wing-half. The hard, direct passing game which became increasingly evident in the Varsity's play last season was a result of Nicholson's teaching of his own (and his club's) style of play.

Oxford v. Cambridge an analysis of five years of sport; by George Moody-Stuart

FULL BLUE SPORTS	Time played	Units	1947-8	1948-9	1949-50	1950-1	1951-2
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL	XMAS VAC.	Goals	C. 2 — 0	O. 5 — 4	D. 2 — 2	D. 0 — 0	O. 2 — 1
ATHLETICS	EASTER VAC.	Points	O. 83 — 43	O. 72 — 54	O. 76 — 50	O. 72½ — 53½	O. 68 — 58
BOAT RACE	EASTER VAC.	Lengths Margin	C. 5	C. ½	C. 3½	C. 12	O. A canvas
BOXING	LENT TERM	Fights	O. 6 — 1	C. 4 — 3	O. 4 — 3	C. 5 — 4	C. 5 — 4
CRICKET	LONG VAC.	—	O. An innings and 8 runs	C. 7 wickets	D.	O. 21 runs	* * *
GOLF	EASTER VAC.	Matches	O. 11 — 4	C. 8 — 7	O. 9½ — 5½	C. 10½ — 4½	C. 10 — 5
HOCKEY	LENT TERM	Goals	C. 2 — 0	O. 3 — 1	C. 1 — 0	O. 4 — 0	C. 6 — 3
LAWN TENNIS	EASTER TERM	Matches	O. 13 — 8	O. 14 — 1	C. 11 — 9	C. 13 — 7	* * *
RUGBY FOOTBALL	XMAS VAC.	Points	C. 6 — 0	O. 14 — 8	O. 3 — 0	O. 8 — 0	O. 13 — 0

HALF BLUE SPORTS

BADMINTON	LENT TERM	Matches	C. 15 — 0	C. 15 — 0	C. 15 — 0	C. 15 — 0	C. 15 — 0
CHESS	EASTER VAC.	Games	O. 5½ — 1½	O. 6 — 1	C. 4½ — 2½	D. 3½ — 3½	O. 4½ — 2½
ETON FIVES	LENT TERM	Matches	O. 2 — 1	O. 2 — 1	C. 2 — 1	C. 2 — 1	C. 3 — 0

FENCING	LENT TERM	Fights	C. 22 — 21	O. 24 — 17	C. 22 — 20	O. 31 — 17	O. 19 — 8
HARE AND HOUNDS	XMAS TERM	Points	O. 17 — 38	O. 36 — 42	O. 35 — 43	C. 34 — 44	O. 27 — 51
LACROSSE	XMAS or LENT TERM	Goals	C. 14 — 3	C. 5 — 2	C. 7 — 3	O. 6 — 5	C. 7 — 3
RACKETS	LENT TERM	Matches	O. 2 — 1	C. 2 — 1	C. 3 — 0	C. 2 — 1	O. 3 — 0
REAL TENNIS	LONG VAC.	Matches	C. 2 — 1	O. 2 — 1	C. 2 — 1	O. 3 — 0	* * *
RUGBY FIVES	LENT TERM	Points	C. 285 — 226	O. 266 — 251	C. 232 — 226	C. 285 — 150	C. 263 — 210
SAILING	LONG VAC.	Points	C. 64 — 57½	O. 69 — 57	C. 61 — 56½	O. 63½ — 62½	* * *
SHOOTING (Match Rifle)	LONG VAC.	Points	C. 791 — 781	C. 778 — 766	C. 843 — 806	O. 836 — 825	* * *
SHOOTING (Service Rifle)	LONG VAC.	Points	C. 1105 — 1057	C. 1065 — 1053	C. 1079 — 1071	C. 1093 — 1071	* * *
SHOOTING (Small Bore)	LENT TERM	Points	O. 765 — 755	C. 772 — 766	C. 777 — 763	C. 773 — 772	O. 776 — 774
SKI-INC	XMAS VAC.	Points Margin	No contest	O. 6.1	O. 8.2	C. 21.16	C. 14.0
SQUASH	XMAS TERM	Matches	O. 4 — 1	O. 5 — 0	O. 4 — 1	O. 4 — 1	C. 4 — 1
SWIMMING	LONG VAC.	Points	O. 36 — 17	O. 42 — 11	C. 27 — 26	C. 38½ — 27½	* * *
WATER POLO	LONG VAC.	Goals	O. 7 — 1	O. 8 — 1	D. 7 — 7	C. 2 — 0	* * *

*** Indicates matches which have not been decided at time of going to press.

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE

A glance at the club's fixture list for any season will show that the Varsity players are subjected to a wide variety of opposition: professional reserve teams, amateur clubs, and the three Services teams, as well as F.A., Amateur F.A., and Southern Amateur League representative sides. And while there is now and again an obvious discrepancy between the class and experience of their opponents and that of the Varsity players, the latter amply make up for it by their keenness and enthusiasm.

One of the most important features of the recent history of University soccer has been the emergence of a combined Cambridge-Oxford team as a leading force in the amateur soccer world. On 21st April, 1951, only three years after its formation, Pegasus defeated Bishop Auckland in the final of the Amateur Cup competition. Sports writers were universally jubilant over the victory and the manner in which it was achieved. But since then Pegasus has hardly lived up to that high point of attainment, and the widespread hope is that the club will quickly realise the great service it can do to British amateur football as a whole in rediscovering a brand of soccer which gives as much joy to the spectator as pleasure to the player. The University should be proud that such players as Cowan (capped for England while still up at Cambridge), Dutchman (capped since), Platt, Laybourne, and others have maintained the club's high ideals.

In the realm of college soccer, which is all-important to the ordinary mortal player, two colleges have tended to stand out above the others. Downing and Fitzwilliam House are now the firmly established "soccer colleges", but they do not go unchallenged. And the occasion of a Second Division college, St. Catharine's, winning the Inter-College Challenge Cup augurs well for future interest in at least one sphere of this rather neglected (in Cambridge, at least) business of Soccer.

athletics

From an examination of the record book, it is now fairly certain that Cambridge athletes are quickly regaining much of their pre-war impressiveness. One must confess doubts that either Oxford or Cambridge athletes will, for some while yet, be seen with regularity on the winners' rostrum in the Olympics of the future, as once they were: more particularly is it regrettable that the gradual improvement in

Cambridge performances has been somewhat overshadowed by a spectacular improvement in those of Oxford. Nevertheless, the results of the University Sports in 1952, coupled with the steady narrowing of the points gap between the two Universities at the White City, is an indication that such improvement is not mere wishful thinking.

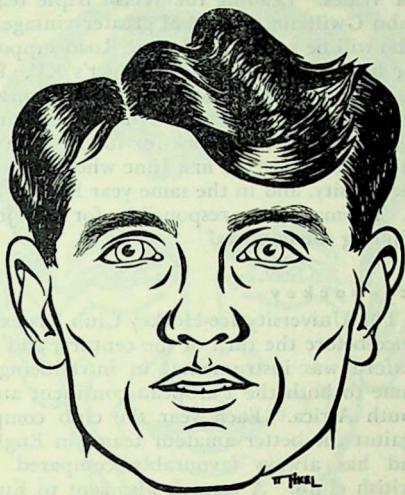
There is a chance that Cambridge, or ex-Cambridge, will claim four places in the British Olympic team this year. Angus Scott, who, two years ago, was running a Quarter and Half-Mile under Light Blue colours, is achieving 53 seconds for the 440 Hurdles. In the A.A.A. Championships he finished second to Whittle, who must be regarded as Britain's No. 1 hope for this event. Chris Brasher, last year's President, may well be included for the Steeplechase, since he can clock 3mins. 54secs. in the 1500 metres, roughly equivalent to a 4min. 12sec. Mile. Keith Finley, should he regain his form of two years ago, is a possibility for either short sprint, and A. F. Hignell, now 'down' two years, is capable of 198 feet with the javelin: the only deterrent to his chances seems to be the present Finnish addiction to 230 foot throws in this event! Whatever the final choice, here are four up to or near the required standard.

Internally, the most consistent ascendancy is evident in Hurdling, the Javelin, High Jumping, the Half-Mile, and in Finley's personal running in the short sprints. The American D. C. Grimes, P. B. Hildreth and S. Brooks all recorded good times in either High or Low Hurdles, before this year: Hignell, Fisher and Callaway have maintained good average throws with the Javelin: High Jumping began to rise with the arrival of H. Leader in 1949, whilst G. A. Marwood has cleared 6 ft. on three successive days since the Varsity match this year. Scott in '49 and '50, Gurney in '51, and now Marsden for the future, have upheld the strength of Cambridge half-milers, and Finley's achievement in winning both sprints in good times four years running cannot be overrated.

These, then, are the laurels of the past: perhaps not as many as some would like, but they also afford innumerable omens for the future of Cambridge Athletics.

golf

"He plays that perplexing game called Golf"



Ralph Cowan
Portrait by Michael Colwill

were words used by the Chairman of a Society recently in introducing his new speaker, who, although about to talk on an entirely different topic, had incidentally been a considerable golfer while an undergraduate at Cambridge.

These words echo the sentiments of all who have given any thought to the game. For very few treat it seriously; many find it merely a pleasant week-end's relaxation, and consequently there is a dearth of top-class players, those who cherish that spirit of conscientiousness, that continuous striving to produce the best.

Perhaps it is the Universities that maintain any conscious standard. It is well-known that Oxford and Cambridge have always owned that unique and reliable gift of producing players of the highest class, and herein we meet one of those many perplexing facts: that in spite of her record of victories over Oxford in the University Match, narrow though it is, Cambridge has produced, over that period of time, far less players of repute than her rival. Yet those she can boast are worthy ones: names like L. G. Crawley, P. B. Lucas, J. D. A. Langley, immediately strike the mind, not to speak of that old campaigner, Bernard Darwin. Unfortunately there are few others.

Of the latter, it is difficult to say a great deal, so much is that name respected. An Inter-

national for many years before World War I, he has now long delighted us with his amusing, instructive articles and criticisms in the *Times* and *Country Life* and in his books.

Leonard Crawley, though many may not realise it, was not content with a Golf Blue, but achieved the distinction of playing for his University in Rackets and Cricket, and later became a noted County Cricketer. In over 20 years or so of golf, he has continually represented this country, and still proves he is as good as ever today in winning the President's Putter for the last two consecutive years.

One usually associates the names of Lucas and Langley, just as that inseparable pair, Cyril Tolley and Roger Wethered. The fact that Lucas during, and Langley before, residence at Cambridge in 1936, were both Internationals, speaks for itself. Both have added countless other honours to their names.

In I. A. S. Biggart Cambridge this year has not only a sound Captain but a player of the highest promise, and Scottish selectors will find it hard to pass him by too easily. Moreover, there are others whose names are likely to be heard of again: which reassures many who are doubting whether Cambridge will soon be making an even fuller contribution to Amateur Golf.

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RUGGER

Twickenham has recently become as much a scene of losses to Cambridge as Mortlake had to Oxford; this year the score was 13—0, but next year it is hoped that, imitating the Dark Blue oarsmen, the bogey will be frightened away. In club rugby, however, the Varsity has the respectable record of having played 23, won 13 and lost 9. Their greatest defeat, as was the case with so many clubs, was at the hands of the South Africans, who won 30—0. But many as this may seem, it was not till well into the second half that the Springboks were able to get their scoring machine into action.

Northampton and Leicester were both defeated by small margins, but against Richmond and Newport, Cambridge made all the play. Their defeat of Newport before Christmas was probably their best performance and coming just before the Varsity game seemed a good omen. Newport's heavy pack never being able to get the ball back to feed their three-quarters. A score of 29—0 against Edinburgh Academicals was the highest against a club side, though in the Christmas tour Edinburgh University was able to force a 6—6 draw. Steele Bodger's XV defeated the Varsity 23—8, but in this game, and the Cardiff game, although the Varsity were well beaten, they crossed their opponents' lines.

Since Christmas many innovations and alterations have taken place and it seems that there is a wealth of players rather than a paucity, but whether these are of a high standard or not is yet to be seen. The Rosslyn Park fixture, the last before the French tour, showed a marked weakness in the centre, Bobbyer being able to run through practically at will, and it was only very sound forward play that prevented a heavy defeat. The forwards, especially in the scrum, seem to be good, and at full back several will be competing for a place that any one of them would competently fill. It is too early for prophecy about the halves, but with Morgan at outside and the hooker settled perhaps Cambridge should get and make good use of the ball.

No international caps have been awarded this season to the team, though Wells, England, and Dalgleish, Scotland, have had trials. Recent Cambridge players in the international field include John Dorward, who has captained Scotland, and R. C. C. Thomas, who has played

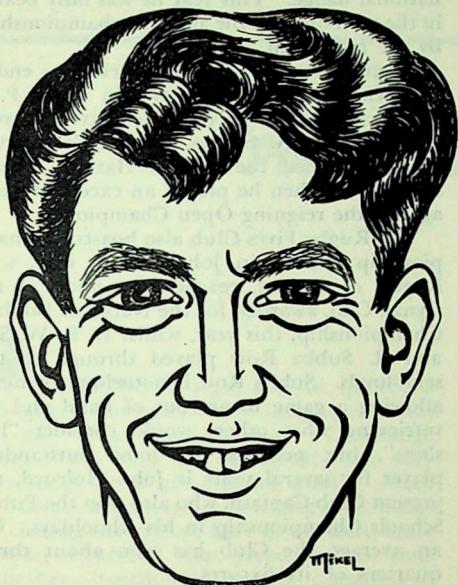
for Wales. Leading the Welsh triple team is John Gwilliam, a Blue of greater vintage, but who will be known to Grange Road supporters for his games with Steele Bodger's XV. R. C. C. Thomas rose to fame after the Swansea v. South Africa game, where his close marking caused Brewis to fly kick for touch. Dorward gained a cap for the first time when captain of the Varsity, and in the same year he and R. C. C. Thomas were responsible for St. John's winning the cuppers.

ice-hockey

The University Ice-Hockey Club has existed since before the turn of the century, and with Oxford was instrumental in introducing the game to both the European continent and to South Africa. Each year the club competes against the better amateur teams in England, and has always favourably compared with British clubs. A team is also sent to Europe each winter to compete in the sports centres of the continent, and play in the local ice-hockey tournaments. This year the club played matches in four European countries, ending with a highly successful and unbeaten tour of Switzerland. On their return to England, the club completed its season with the winning of the Grinoca Cup series against British teams followed by a resounding victory over a strong Oxford side (9—2) in the annual Varsity match. Although still not officially recognised by the University, the club each year upholds the best traditions of Cambridge sport against the better amateur clubs in England and abroad.

skiing

Despite the limitations of time and space, the University Ski Club in conjunction with Oxford manages successfully to transport between four and five hundred enthusiasts to the mountains of Europe each year for a pleasant two weeks' Christmas skiing holiday at extremely low rates. Although the vast majority of the ski-ers are at the "enthusiastic beginner" stage, the University teams have in recent years been of a creditably high standard, with several British Champions and Olympic trialists reinforced with a sprinkling of North Americans, some of whom have represented their Universities across the Atlantic.

***Reg Vowels***

Portrait by Michael Colwill

Lacrosse

The University Lacrosse Club has just come to the end of a successful season. Although the team began shakily, due to hard practising and a fine team spirit they managed to reach a high standard.

They beat Oxford in the Inter-Varsity match at Grange Road and ranked high in South of England Lacrosse. They fought their way to the final of the South of England Flags Competition, but then lost the only match of the season against Southern Clubs. In the Southern Six-a-side Competition they were unfortunate in being beaten in the final by the same club.

Although Lacrosse in the South is not quite as high a standard as in the North, Cambridge had some excellent matches with Northern Clubs, especially during our Easter tour. Of the six Northern matches played, they won two and lost four, after some hard games.

Individually the Club fared well. Three members, Marland, Pitt and Thorp played for the South of England XII, and Marland was asked to captain them against the North. From

this trial match Pitt and Marland were selected to play for England against the Rest at Lords.

Fencing

However, the standard of fencing at the University at the moment is lower than that of the other leading clubs of the country, but the University has provided quite a large number of the leading fencers of today. In University sport, Cambridge probably ranks third after Oxford and London.

Our only outstanding fencer at the present time is A. Ellison (Clare), the captain, who has taken second place in the National Junior Sabre Championship for the past two years, and recently came fifth in the Sabre Championship.

Past members of the University who are now prominent in British Fencing include J. Emrys Lloyd, who returned from retirement to captain this year's Olympic team, U. L. Wendon, also an Olympic fencer, Dr. R. F. Tredgold, who held the Open Sabre Championship in 1937-9 and 1947-9, Dr. Turquet, the present holder, and C. D. Grose-Hodge, the 1950 International Epée Cup winner.

boxing

It is difficult to draw a comparison between the standard of University Boxing and that of outside amateur clubs, because the two rarely meet. Cambridge draws its opponents only from the Universities, the Hospitals and the three Services. Since the war, on one occasion they did meet the combined strength of two London clubs, the Harrow and Tiffin A.B.C.s, and were the final winners by 8 bouts to 7—a good indication that the University club is probably amongst the strongest individual clubs in the country.

In the past years the University has twice fought the full strength of B.A.O.R., a side which always contains a fair sprinkling of Army and Imperial Service champions. Nevertheless, the result in 1949 was 4—3 in B.A.O.R.'s favour, dealing with the first strings only. In 1950, although Cambridge again lost the match over first, second and third strings, of their nine first strings five won and four lost.

International honours, however, have not yet come to the University since the war, although G. D. C. John and L. D. Lyons, both post-war captains of Cambridge, have been selected for London as first string heavyweight and second string bantam respectively.

squash, fives, tennis

The four "second string" sports for which a half-blue is awarded in Cambridge, Eton Fives, Squash, Rugby Fives and Tennis, show progress and achievement which, in most cases, far outstrips that shown in major sports.

The Eton Fives Club, which holds a slight advantage over the remaining three, in that it is played by a considerably smaller and therefore less competitive section of the community, have lost only one match since the war. This one loss was registered against Oxford, who, in turn, have been beaten in Varsity matches quite conclusively for the last three years. By far and away the most outstanding player has been P. B. H. May, who, with his brother, not up at Cambridge, has won the "Kinnaird Cup", awarded for the National Championship, for two successive years.

Cambridge Squash also is well represented in the international field by G. W. T. Atkins, who is also a contender for this year's racquets title. Atkins, a natural athlete with brilliant footwork, has recently been awarded his inter-

national badge. This year he was only beaten in the semi-finals of the amateur championships by the runner-up.

A run of Oxford squash victories was ended this year a by a 4—1 victory, in which P. J. Robinson and A. J. N. Starte played a great part, and D. A. Swales, this year's captain, recently gained the famous Hashim Khan's admiration when he played an excellent game against the reigning Open Champion.

The Rugby Fives Club also boasts its Championship finalists in John Burton who, with Rogers of Oxford, reached the finals of the Cynax Cup, awarded for the National Doubles Championship, this year, whilst D. R. W. Silk and R. Subba Row played through to the semi-finals. Subba Row is notorious for never allowing a game to get out of hand and for retrieving what others would consider "lost shots", but perhaps the most outstanding player for several years is John Holroyd, the present Club Captain, who also won the Public Schools Championship in his schooldays. On an average the Club has won about three-quarters of its fixtures.

The Lawn Tennis Club, while nowhere nearly reaching the amazing pre-war production of International players, has, nevertheless, since the war-fostered one—N. R. Lewis, who played for Cambridge in 1946, and eventually represented Great Britain in a Davis Cup match. Lewis was one of a final half-dozen who were selected shortly after the war by the L.T.A. for special coaching. This was the result of a general realisation that British Lawn Tennis would have been in an especially sorry way unless special coaching of the more promising players was carried out.

The only other player approaching international standard is A. J. N. Starte, playing still for Cambridge, who, as a Freshman, won both the Doherty Cup, for the University grass courts singles competition in 1950 and again later in 1951, and also the Rootham Cup for the hard courts singles in 1950.

It is as yet difficult to assess the real merits of Ian MacDonald, a Freshman this year, but he seems already a player of the highest class.

Thus, in over-all perspective it can be seen that Cambridge sport, if not quite attaining the frequent zeniths of pre-war days, at least plays still a vital part in forming the pool from which Britain's international athletes are selected.

Poets, Writers and Journalists

Donald Dunn

Q

UESTIONS of logic may be questions of language, but questions of language are not the only ones that preoccupy Cambridge writers. They often feel, apparently, that they are writing for a non-existent public, which presumably sets them to scratching their heads and chasing the evasive hare of the hard basic question of survival. One preoccupation leads to another—questions of content, questions of communication. Since the war the fluctuations in the fortunes of the undergraduate magazines seem to have given some tangible similarity of general content. The expression is that of the doubt of a post-war generation wholly dissimilar from the champagne-gay post-First World War generation. Last summer Irene Coates was not treading in any particularly virgin soil when she wrote her "Poem to Russia" in *Cambridge Today*:

O do not make us decide which way the
land lies
And which way fear lies, do not make us
decide yet.
Yesterday it was myself under a metal sky
When hills were broad and bleak, where
sheep died
In the night from no disease.

E. M. Forster risked a generalisation recently when he wrote the introduction to Peter Townsend's *Cambridge Anthology*; speaking of the essays and short stories published in that collection he said:

"They seem to me to employ a peculiar poetry, the poetry of disquiet, the poetry of the sum that won't add up. (Kafka, though not invoked, broods) it seems to me that I haven't seen it before, and that the

wheel of time, grating on its ungreased axle is bringing up novelties. . . ."

Forster's main point about this collection, was that this "Poetry of disquiet" that he believed he could sense was not the underlying poetry that he had known when he was writing, that it was not used to reveal, to explain, but to confuse and dismay. But he was wrong, not in sensing the mood of the writing, for the writing of an age has a mood which only the extremely talented artist can transcend and transmit through the alchemy of his art, not necessarily in projecting his own emotions into the writing, which is the stumbling block of most contemporary critics, however perceptive or objective they may be, but in thinking that he had not seen it before. He had seen it before in films ("La Belle et la Bete"—"Orphee"), in music ("The Rape of Lucrece"), in art (Charles Howard, Francis Bacon), even in the bogus Anglo-American angst of "Ape and Essence". It is a mood of disquiet certainly, and one that is possibly more apparent because it is not masked by the overt eccentricity of exhibitionism that was symptomatic of another period of disquiet, when dadaism and superrealism found answering responses in the undergraduate writing during the two wars.

To turn for a moment from the general issue to the particular, the quality of the post-war undergraduate magazines has on the whole been disappointing. Whilst lack of maturity, and literary derivativeness (not to be confused with insincerity, plagiarism, or faking) are common to undergraduate writing of all ages—Auden wrote plenty of rubbish in Oxford—there was a lack of elan observable, even in the

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE

coterie magazines; they were too self-conscious, but, far worse, too self-critical. Even *Imprint*, by far the most outstanding periodical to appear in post-war Cambridge, was well below, on this count, Empson's *Experiment*, and Sykes Davies's *Venture*. *Concern*, making sporadic appearances in order as it said to "resolve the problem of communication", remained not so much esoteric as very largely unreadable. But there have been recent signs that standards are being slowly raised—the reappearance of *Cambridge Writing* as *Spy* under different editorship, was an obvious example of a rather rapid rise. *Granta*, which after brilliant skits on *Life* and *Time* spent two long and tedious years publishing singularly unfunny gibberish and nauseating chi-chi, reappeared this year recast, and able to draw on some very able contributors. Of the flashes in the pan, there was *Humour* and *Horror*, both better forgotten; there was *Imprint*, which ran for five issues, and to which I shall return later; there was *Panorama*, which began as an experiment in pictorial journalism, merged with the Oxford *Harlequin*, announced itself as the Young Man's Magazine, and then left Cambridge unmourned and unsung to publish the odd short story by Tennessee Williams and news and notes about the latest fashions in the Charing Cross Road Stores, which took it well outside the scope of this article; and there was *Saturn* which provided, if nothing else, at least a useful object lesson in what should be avoided in undergraduate magazine publication. Finally, *Varsity*, the newspaper founded just after the end of the war, has continued to appear, with varying but considerable fortune ever since—as has its *Varsity Supplement*, now *Cambridge Today*.

Varsity is quoted in its current *Handbook* as being "a twelve page newspaper . . . run on a non-profit-making basis . . . and aiming at a serious journalistic approach to all University activities . . ." It has been appearing on the bookstalls like an older established institution than it really is, every Saturday morning during term since 1947. Like the less widely circulated publications it is the product of a clique; unlike the others, however, it tends to produce the clique and not the clique the newspaper. Continuity and moderate competence are thus ensured—the rules are laid down, the daring

experiments with layout are probably not noticed at all by the readers, and only an editor with great reserves of tenacity can break its settled orthodoxy. In this respect, the most enterprising terms have been those of David Widdicombe and, in particular, of Peter Townsend, who induced the healthy friction that a newspaper of this type needs, in order to remain vigorous, by giving the paper a bias that made agreement or disagreement an alternative to the yawning scan over a Saturday mid-morning coffee. The *Varsity* support of Nehru's projected candidature for the Chancellorship gave it not only some claim to lead Cambridge opinion, but the crisp attack of a paper that is prepared to latch onto a lost cause when lost causes are liable to produce excellent journalism, when lost causes temporarily raise the tenor of a Viewpoint column from the heavy handed humour at the lunatic fringe's expense.

A little over a year after its foundation, *Varsity* produced the first issue of its *Supplement*, based closely in appearance and ambitions on the *Times Literary Supplement*. Retitled *Cambridge Today* and restyled in magazine format in 1950, the *Supplement* has improved in the course of successive editorial changes, but it has never quite managed to attain a thorough satisfactory standard; in its first years it suffered from the fact that its editor was appointed by, and generally rose from, a *Varsity* Executive Board composed largely of people with Fleet Street ambitions and little room for experimental writing; more recently financial stringency necessitating support from *Varsity* has reimposed something of the same control.

Oasis, the irregular poetry magazine, was not the same kind of animal at all; like the racehorse that is first past the post, or like the successful business man, it has never looked back since the time of its foundation when it gambled its shirt with equanimity in the streets. Pterodactylism apart, that was its only similarity to the 1947 *Varsity*. For our present purposes, the most interesting issue was the fifth, spawned by a nation-wide poetry competition. The *Oasis* judges had to deal with various grades of realisation in their 1,500 entries, and they found that "rather than yield to mediocrity" they could publish only seven poems, four of which were from members of

POETS, WRITERS AND JOURNALISTS

the University. If one searches among these for the Forster "disquiet", the mood of disillusion or the tenuous spirit of the age, some significance can be garnered from Thom Gunn's "Two Ghosts", which nevertheless remains untypical of the collection as a whole. They had lived, not

".... in spinster concord together picking
pears"

but

".... given body by hate,
that dear nothing which prolonged their
state
of existence into knotted, endless age...."

and perhaps it is there that we can find the faint echoes of the Stefan George preoccupation of 1947, of the semi-critical articles in the early, newsprint, issues of *Varsity Supplement* of the

"Nun heb ich wieder meine leeren augen
Und in die leere nacht die leeren hände"
(And now again I lift my empty eyes, And
in the empty night my empty hands...)"

Harold Silver's *In Memoriam*, whilst not completely satisfactory as a poem, provides the link between the uncommitted and the definitely engaged—even in the same poet:

"Reason has kept intact
Ten strong labelled springs:
What else but to arise now
And release the water's untrained fist"

is the lead which takes us from the *Oasis* competition to the less adulterate "Without the Aristocrats" which appeared in the second issue of *Concern*:

"One man is silent when the challenge is
hurled,
Four dead bodies in the track of the
world."

Oasis had been preceded by the *English Club Poetry Pamphlets*; *Concern*, on the other hand, formed a lively little second cell under John Mander's leadership—after commitment came the hard brass tacks of the cyclostyled *Workshop*, which was not widely distributed, and was brought into existence, not to milk the public and the advertisers, but primarily to give the poets more space in which to sculpte, lime, and, presumably, ciselé. Its further development is being awaited with interest.

At this stage, we might well make some mention of the work of the *Cambridge Review*.

For a long time, and it had existed for eighty years, the *Review* had been looked upon as the orthodox Cambridge Magazine. After the war it still retained its power to appear in the waiting rooms of the busier college tutors, but to be otherwise invisible.

The *Review*, with its uninspired presentation and its University Sermon was becoming little more than a Saturday formality. When Peter Green took over the editorship in 1950, there was a considerable cleavage from the former party line. Contributors with names such as Tom Pevsner, Lalage Pulvertaft, and Donald Rudd, began to appear in its pages; after experimentation, the film and theatre criticisms were taken over by Richard Mayne and Simon Raven, whose merits as individual prose stylists were already widely known to most people through their work in the undergraduate magazines. How much of the good work done on the *Review* that year will last it is impossible to say; certainly it was, for a brief period, more fully a "Journal of University Life and Thought" than it had been for many years and than it has, so far, been since that time.

Any discussion of *Imprint* must be concerned, not merely with that magazine's content, but also with the circumstance of its five-issued life and death. Milton Grundy, its editor, focussed attention on the methodology of undergraduate publication in an article in *Cambridge Today* early in 1951, rather sensationaly entitled, "Why *Imprint* Failed", which at one time looked like becoming the precursor to a whole series of "Why — failed" articles. The *Cambridge Review* entered into the discussion; undergraduate letters—the justification, the question of critical standards, and up with Free Trade and none of this damn protection. . . . And recently, in *Varsity's* second issue of the 1952 Easter Term, Peter Green returned angry fisted to the attack.

In January 1951 he had said in the course of the general discussion raised by Grundy's article—

"The mere fact of publication is a tacit appreciation of readiness to be judged against all comers, and there is no conceivable reason why University authors, who, indeed, have more opportunity for seeing themselves in print than most people of their age, should have the handicaps yet further revised in their favour."

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And this latter claim has become in April 1952 a

".... pernicious and slovenly doctrine . . . presumably originally circulated by incompetent writers themselves."

On the face of it, Green's plea for greater political discrimination is eminently valid; the lingering hope of his opponents can remain only that more than one delicate baby might survive were a decent five inch modicum of bath water to be preserved. For they might not survive the rigours of the stern editorial discrimination of the national "Nine"s. . . Yet the short and difficult life is the fate of the national coterie magazine, the little review that exists for a little review public too small to support it—and when those paper backs have been tossed on one side, and when the Lehmann radio time has faded from the ether, our baby, delicate or not, is faced with the problem of writing that first novel if he ever wants to reach the wider public with those short stories that maybe didn't deserve to be all washed up with the nappies.

The work of the most promising of the writers who appeared between the *Imprint* covers certainly merited the most careful critical attention on any grounds; they could have faced this stern competition of the floundering nationals, and they most certainly will do so in the future. The fact remains, that the Cambridge little clique review published them, and in doing so it justified its precarious position. Until a magazine of that nature publishes a story such as John Coleman's "Coup de Soleil", which appeared in the first *Imprint* and still remains the finest short story written in Cambridge since the war, or a poem such as John Holmstrom's "Littoral" (*Imprint* No. 5), then certainly its existence is not justified on literary merits; there are other merits which less successful fly-by-nights have transitorily shared with *Varsity* and *Granta*. They each have the merit of a bad film, and like the bad film they must expect to be judged on box-office criteria alone—their hangers on, like the extras on the set, may come in useful in the crowd scenes, but remain nevertheless quite legitimately expend-

able; they are never around during the close-ups.

*Forget the eagle, forget the dove,
Forget the migratory whale,
Forget the Fortunate Island of Love
Sell all your shares in the Holy Grail.*

Christopher Busby, "Cor de Chasse" from *Imprint*

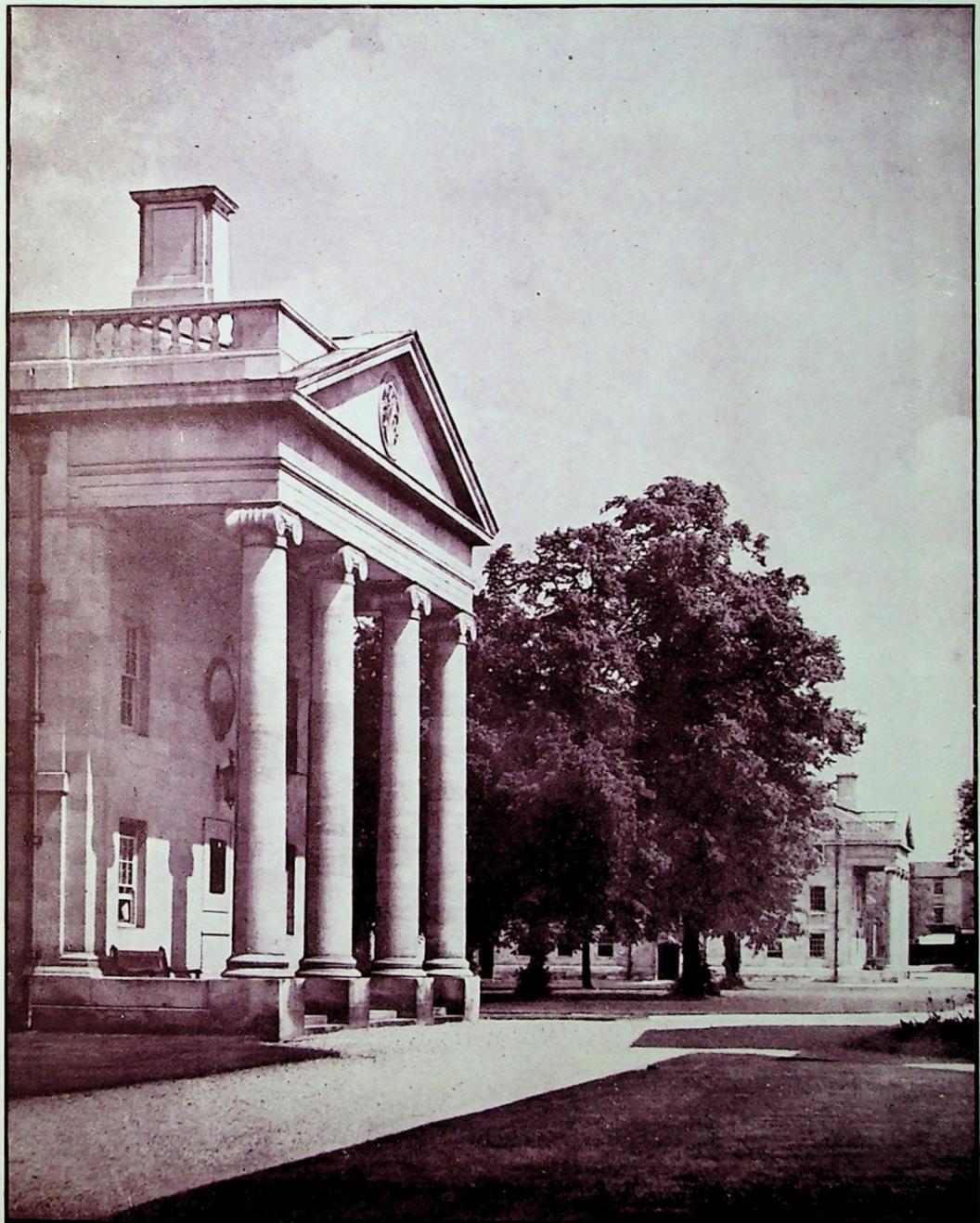
There are interesting side-alleys in this connection; dons who are coaxed into submitting an article to an undergraduate literary magazine, can enhance the inbred appearance of these productions—for example, an F. L. Lucas might write an article called "Why Write?" for *Varsity Supplement* at the beginning of 1949, which you may remember re-reading as the conclusion to his "Literature and Psychology" published in 1951. One example of the revival of something from the scattered ashes of a clique magazine—the article is slightly changed, the Tolstoi introductory quotation has replaced the earlier Flaubert, but the relevance of the whole throws into sharp relief the preoccupation of the undergraduate writer.

But ultimately the schoolmaster in "Coup de Soleil" can give the sharp incisive summary:

"Why are you a fool, Parton?" went on Mr. Deacon. "No, I will tell you. You are a fool first because you have so far to my ocular knowledge answered one only out of the eight questions that I have dictated to you, second because you are scribbling in a text book, an offence for which you know very well you can be caned, and third because you are wasting time, which you of all people cannot afford, and your father's money, which he would doubtless desire to see employed more satisfactorily. . . ."

After that there remains merely the personal selection—for one who chooses John Coleman, John Holmstrom, Milton Grundy, as his big three, there will be another trying to analyse his own subjective responses to less fully realised but equally vital writers—he will choose Harold Silver, John Mander, and Christopher Busby.

It is only in the field of Cambridge non-literary criticism that these two readers will ever find their common ground.



Downing College

Barrington Brown



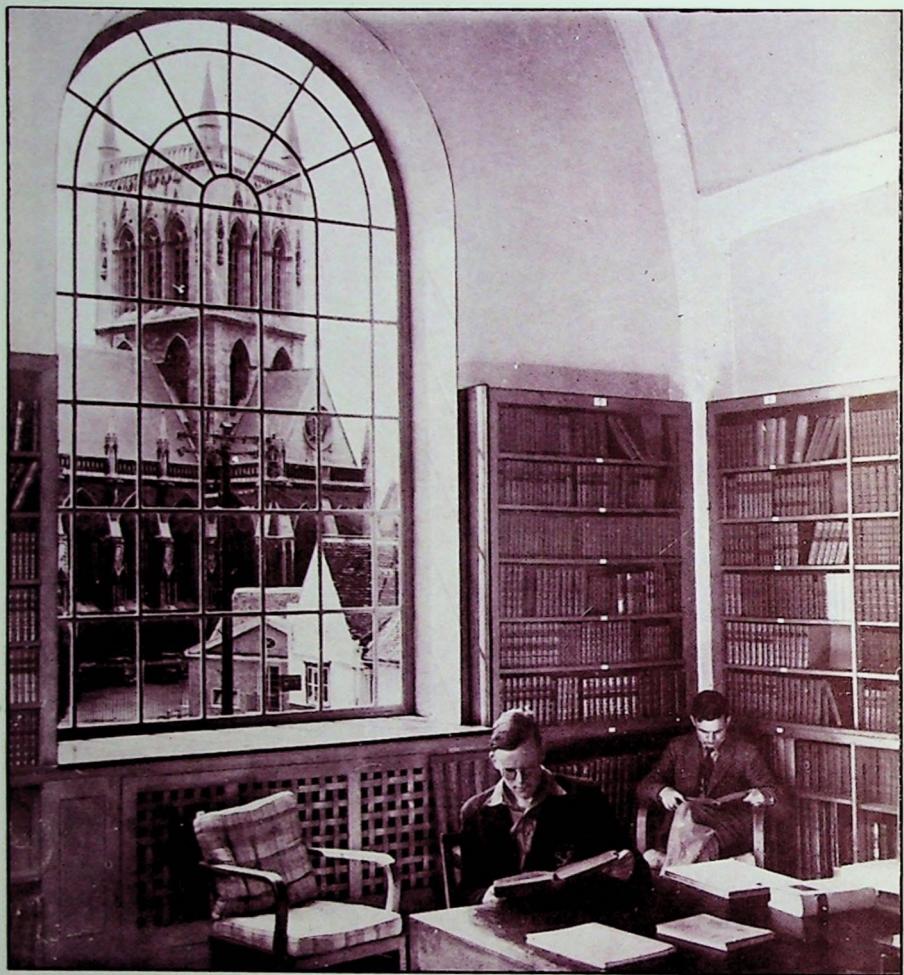
Every Age confounds old errors . . .

*The Old and New
Buildings, Caius College*



. . . . And begets new

Photographed by
Antony Barrington Brown



St John's College Chapel

From the Union Library

*Photographed by
Antony Barrington Brown*

Religion in Cambridge Today

a "Varsity" Survey

Roy Pryce

NO-ONE with a less than celestial viewpoint can hope to give a complete answer to the general question "How important a group are the Christians of Cambridge in University life?" The most careful observations cannot justify more than tentative conclusions. In this complicated mosaic, whole areas of vital evidence are missing; we do not know, for example, what happens when the subjects of our enquiry leave Cambridge—a crucial test. Appearance is all that lends itself to enquiry, and this may well be deceptive.

This University still retains in its ceremonies what might be regarded as proof positive of its Christian character. Its Chancellor confers degrees in the name of the Holy Trinity: its colleges retain officers charged with the duty of maintaining the Christian character of its foundations; its members pause for the saying of a grace before the most important meal of the day. Yet all this is an antique shell—an empty shell some would say—split into anomalous fragments. Some Christians argue that its continued existence dulls the sensibility of those who are Christians. For evidence they point to the significant lack of strong reaction in 1950 to the possibility of a non-Christian Chancellor, Pandit Nehru. They should not, in general however, appear to advocate the total abolition of such vestigial institutions. Anomalies can be minimised. If a reading of Grace approaches blasphemy when handled by a scholar who has neither Christian convictions nor a competent grasp of Latin pronunciation, one reform is obvious. The task should be entrusted only to the scholar who has both. The ceremony will then command sincerity

on the part of at least one person and the respect of the remainder.

The responsibility for the modification of traditional practices obviously rests with the Senior Members of the University. It is they, too, who can exert a considerable influence on the present generation of students as well as on future generations, by legislation to which they agree. What is their attitude to the Christian? Those who do not share his views appear to be too uncertain of their own position to wish to oppose him. A group of Christian dons, on the other hand, recently co-operated with the Student Christian Movement in one of its courses and showed that there is a definite re-awakening of positive interest among lay teachers.

This balance of activity is reproduced among undergraduates. Those who do not exhibit the Christian faith rarely exhibit militant opposition; the Challenge to the Christian is a passive one. Compared with the late Thirties this is a considerable change. Opponents then were more sure of their ground, they had strong social forces in their favour. It requires no elaboration of history to show why this should no longer be true.

The Christian for his part is now much more assertive. The outworks of his theory have been renovated, and he does not lack skilful apologists. On the other hand, he has lost in the process those who cannot accept the new orthodoxy. This is one of the most pressing problems of the Christian community in Cambridge.

Statistics are not very helpful. The figures of membership of the various undergraduate

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Christian organisations here can only be used with the greatest caution. There is, for example, a certain duplication between the S.C.M., Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union, and other organisations. Totals, too, do not attempt to show qualitative differences, and zeal in religion is an important factor. Undergraduates affected in various degrees by these organisations form about 25% of the whole. Enquiry among College Deans and Chaplains indicates that on Sunday evenings (taken over a term) it is usual for about a quarter of the college to have attended chapel. These, from observation, are by no means wholly from the same group as attend exterior organisations. A tentative total of 40% might be given as an estimate of those affected by organised religious activity in some form.

Are then more than half of those *in statu pupillari* indifferent to the claims of religion? By no means. The amount of what might be called "absolute indifference"—that is, a state of mind which banishes altogether the whole question of personal belief, seems relatively small. A University is not an easy place to shelve this sort of problem; the influence of Christians in discussion is by its nature incalculable. Some factors suggest an anxious enquiry on the part of those who do not subscribe to any religious creed. Theological Faculty lectures on Saturdays have been given to large audiences, and appear to have reached a wider public than would a course of sermons. The pulpit itself, however, still commands a wide hearing when the preacher is a man of known intelligence and integrity.

Altogether it cannot be said that Cambridge is indifferent to Christianity. It is clear that no man dare write now, as Steegman did in 1940, a chapter on "Modern Cambridge" without a single reference to the influence—or even the existence—of Christians in the University.

But what of the Christian community itself? One group, the Roman Catholics, can be considered quite independently of the rest. Provided with their own chaplains (one for each sex), they are concerned primarily as a small minority to preserve their own discipline and cohesion. At the moment one of their chief concerns is in defending their centre, Fisher House, from threatened destruction at the hand of the Holford City Plan. They do

not officially undertake much evangelical work; their attitude is primarily defensive.

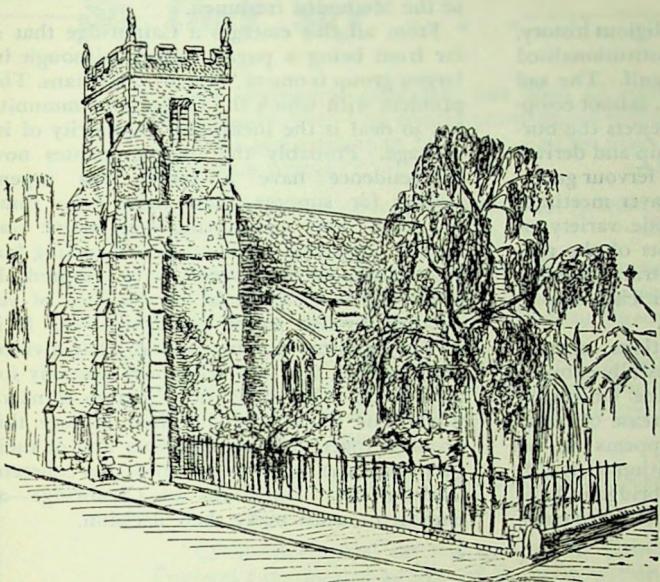
The multifarious Protestant groups, on the other hand, are all in various degrees concerned with expansion. There is a chaos of conflicting centres of power. The divisions within the Christian community in the country in general are projected into Cambridge. In the first place there is that between the Established and the Dissenting Churches, founded on doctrine, embedded in history, and sanctified by the passage of time. That is overlaid by a more recent—and for that reason more bitter—difference, the conflict between the new and the old orthodoxy. This is reflected primarily in the unhappy relations (mutually deplored) between S.C.M. and C.I.C.C.U. Finally, to these problems, Cambridge adds one of its own; what priority is to be given to College as compared with University activities?

This is a different order of problem, administrative and not theological. Theoretically it should be less intractable than the others. In practice it is so entangled with them that it has proved too much for those concerned; the result is that no-one in Cambridge is quite so beset with this "diary-difficulty" of conflicting meetings as the Christian.

Attempts to set up a central body to introduce some administrative cohesion have failed. The fate of the C.U. United Christian Council, briefly known as "Cuckoo", which came to its end in January, 1949, after a short life, is fresh in the mind. It is probably fair to say that it failed because doctrinal differences came first, and because the idea of being united required sacrifices too large to be made by some units. C.I.C.C.U. withdrew after a period of uneasy co-operation, being finally convinced that the organisation subtracted from the power of the Word in Cambridge. Various Colleges also failed to pay agreed contributions to the central fund.

Is nothing being done, then, to mediate between the various groups? Is the Christian community here, as elsewhere, unable to unite at any point in a world that so clamorously demands that it shall be united? Some co-operation is possible between groups whose interests do not violently conflict. A Church of England Council draws together the Anglican elements in the situation, though its activity is spasmodic and limited by the willingness of College

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*St. Botolph's Church,
Trumpington Street
by Peter Quayle*

the residuary legatee of "Cuckoo" and holds each term "Ecumenical Tea-Parties" with the various denominations to discuss points of mutual importance. Relations are very friendly, but more needs to be done in this direction, and done speedily. C.I.C.C.U. stands outside this group. It believes that it alone preserves the full power of the gospel in its teaching, and it is prepared to pursue in the certainty of its rectitude a lonely course.

Of all the Christian groups represented in the University, the Established Church is the least effectively organised. The number of its people in the University is high, but so too is the ratio of its clergy in comparison with the country at large. At present it squanders its opportunity. True its Deans and Chaplains work very hard; true, also, that it was promoted several series of important and well-attended expositions of its position. But this is not enough. Where is the Anglican to find that fellowship which should be synonymous with his life as a Christian? Will it be in some Chapel group, or some collection of people at the Dean's weekly meeting? These are not

satisfactory answers to the problem. Anglicans have a divided mind on the subject. New groups they deprecate as being barriers to co-operation with others, yet the need remains. At a higher level there is another institutional failure. The experience of the clergy in contact with an important section of the rising generation appears to go no further than the University, unless some hard-pressed Chaplain, in his despair, makes a book of it. Here is vital information which is ignored for lack of machinery to communicate it to those who should know.

Anglicans form the largest single group in the S.C.M. which, like most of the other Christian societies, has been growing steadily in the post-war years. The increase is more than proportionate to the absolute increase in the University at large. Its members are not necessarily "committed" Christians. Forty study groups, meeting weekly, form the staple part of its work, two-thirds of them being occupied with Bible study and doctrine, and the remainder with more general topics. Talk, it is often asserted, is all that the S.C.M. generates;

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a transfusion of power from C.I.C.C.U. might give it more effectiveness.

As has happened so often in religious history, two parts of the truth become institutionalised and separated by a perpetual gulf. The sad truth seems to be that C.I.C.C.U. cannot co-operate with S.C.M. The former rejects the burden of modern Biblical scholarship and derives its strength from a single-minded fervour generated at its weekly Bible and prayer meetings. Its members, drawn from a wide variety of University circles, are the zealots of the age. It is not surprising that they attract to themselves the greatest amount of criticism among non-Christians by their methods.

The Free Church organisations operate much more quietly and yet successfully enough. The changing composition of the University has brought them a natural increase of members, yet their organisation appears to be competent to deal with the situation. It is still possible for their officials in Cambridge to have fore-knowledge of those who are about to come

into residence. This was true this year of 70% of the Methodist freshmen.

From all this emerges a Cambridge that is far from being a pagan society, although its largest group is one of "lapsed" Christians. The problem with which the Christian community has to deal is the ineffective familiarity of its message. Probably the undergraduates now in residence have a rather less urgent feeling for support than those who came up seven years ago having seen active war service. Spiritual initiative is not lacking but a working plan of co-operation is required. It is all the more essential in the face of yet another division which now threatens. It is an old question that traditionally has divided Christendom, and now clamours urgently for an answer; What shall the Christian think of war? The ability of Christians to face this problem together is the sine qua non of their survival in the future as members of a coherent Christendom. Christians in Cambridge—as elsewhere—must make their decision.



So they say . . .

"My University education has been of inestimable value to me and wherever I go people point at me and say, 'You can tell he is a Cambridge man from the way he plays cricket in those light blue braces' ". —Richard Murdoch

"A Cambridge education is the best guarantee I know against starvation." —Dr. C. E. M. Joad

"Swearing has always been a popular pastime on the Cam . . . the coach swears at the cox, the cox swears at the crew, and the crew just swear." —Varsity Newspaper, Nov. 1950

"Rooms in Colleges are looked after by extremely ugly, old women known as bedders, who are the source of innumerable jokes, although their peasant good humour compensates for their lack of physical charm." —Realites (Paris)

"Can you tell me where Habeas Corpus College is, please ?" —Visitor in 1951

"Cambridge canal on the campus of Cambridge University, England's distinguished seat of learning, within walking distance of Central Hall, Westminster, site of the International Advertising Conference." —Caption to picture of

St. John's College and the Backs, in International Advertising Conference brochure, 1951.

... "It seems scarcely worth while to record that the Faculty of Economics has added to its lists yet another professorship . . ." —Manchester Guardian, January 1952

"Cambridge women are no different from others of their sex when they come up." —Letter in 'Varsity', June 9th, 1951, from a Girtonian

"How strange of the Corporation to put a fire station just there." —Lady visitor passing by the Lady Margaret Boat House

"The Cambridge undergraduate is wakened up every morning at about nine o'clock by a soft tap on the door and the arrival of his breakfast tray." —The American student publication 'Varsity'

"By sheer accident we are not affected in the same way as Oxford. We are conscious of the unique character of Cambridge." Mr. W. L. Wade, Cambridge Planning Officer reported in 'Varsity', Feb. 21st, 1948

Bryan Todd

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE



the Holford Plan

The University City

W. A. Munford

City Librarian of Cambridge

HAVE been told that there are still undergraduates who spend the whole of each term within a quarter-mile of King's Parade. These men, and others, may overlook the fact that they are not only members of the University but also residents, if only temporary ones, in a great City. Cambridge has a population of more than 80,000 living in the unusually spacious area of fifteen square miles. It is not only one of the most beautiful towns in England: it is one of the best governed. Few places have a fuller history: the town was here centuries before the University.

The earliest traces of human settlement at Cambridge provide material for the archaeologist. The first written record appears in the *Anglo Saxon Chronicle* under year A.D. 875. Cambridge almost certainly owes its existence as a town to the fact that it was the first place on the river from the sea at which it was possible to cross from the dry land of what became Mercia to the dry land of East Anglia. A Great Bridge has existed from a very early period, from times, in fact, when a bridge of any kind was distinctly unusual. It is probable and logical, too, that Cambridge began as two towns, one on each side of the river—the smaller, Mercian, one at Castle End; and the larger, East Anglian, one round Market Hill. The process of amalgamation was probably spread over centuries and must have been greatly encouraged by the Norse invasions.

By 1086 there was a castle here, begun perhaps on Castle Hill not later than 1068 by which date Cambridge also had a mint. The first Charter was granted 751 years ago; the earliest Charter still in the possession of the Corporation is dated 1207. This Charter em-

powered the burgesses to choose a "reeve": the office of Mayor, as such, cannot be traced earlier than 1231. Cambridge has had a Coroner since 1256, Burgesses in Parliament since 1295, a Commission of the Peace since 1380, a Town Clerk since 1418, a Recorder since 1494 and a High Steward since 1529. Municipal buildings of one kind or another have stood on parts of the Guildhall site since 1224. And Christ has been worshipped by Cambridge burgesses in St. Bene't's Church for at least a thousand years.

On 24th March, 1951, the Borough of Cambridge, by Letters Patent, was raised to the title and dignity of a City. The honour is not lightly given. It is one that is rarely accorded in modern times: an outstanding record in local government is one of the numerous qualifications demanded. Yet little more than a century earlier the Commissioners who were then enquiring into the state of municipal corporations had reported that the Council had abused its powers and neglected its duties. Nepotism and political jobbery were rife; the police and magistrates were inefficient and little regarded. Much of the rate income of the corporation had been spent on litigation and dinners and a negligible amount on public purposes.

In the transition from "unreformed" to efficient modern government, Cambridge may be regarded, from one angle, as typical of the older English town. In a number of activities, however, our City has been something of a pioneer. Public Libraries, for example, have been provided since 1855 and Cambridge was later active in the care of children, and particularly in school dentistry, at a time when such

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service was exceptional to the point of eccentricity. Many of the nationally provided social services of today, in addition to the text-book example of poor relief, have grown out of local government enterprise, just as voluntary activity has usually provided another pattern. Voluntary social service was a particularly significant feature of Cambridge life between 1900 and 1914. The local community of today, and indeed all British people, owe a great debt to the organizations such as the Children's Care Committees, the Invalid Children's Aid Society, the Christian Social Union, the Juvenile Employment Registry, and, perhaps as much as any, to the co-ordinating work of the Charity Organization Society. There is also a more personal debt to the gallant band of women—Mrs. Keynes, Mrs. Rackham, Miss Cayley, Miss Kenny and others—who made these organizations what they were. Eglantyne Jebb's *Cambridge: a brief study in social questions*, published in 1906, is the most illuminating single record of a momentous period. The pioneer local work on "accident prevention" since World War II may be regarded as one of the modern counterparts to the social achievement of the past.

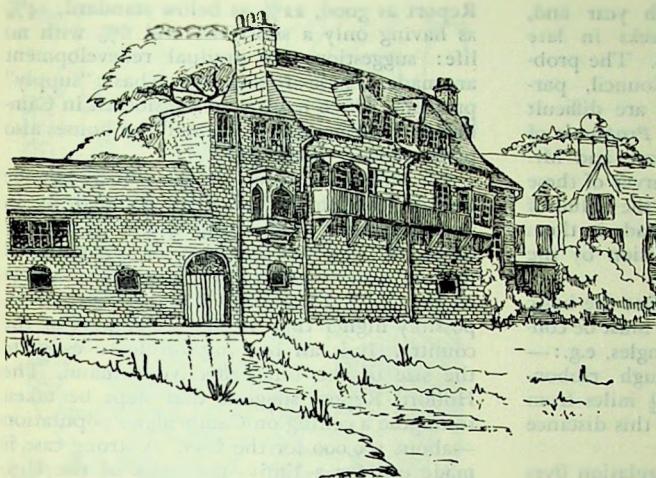
The town has learnt much over the centuries. Perhaps the hardest of lessons was that on living quietly and happily with the University. Since a university is an ordered community and ours grew up at a time when public order was unremarkable and local government primitive, conflict between Town and Gown was inevitable. Friction always tended to develop at the points where the obvious need of the University to protect its members against the worst rigours of social conditions conflicted with town "liberties". Local price, weights and measures and rent controls were early bones of contention and the licensing of theatres and alehouses and the control of prostitution gave endless trouble. The police powers of the university have provided the realm with historic case-law. Since both Town and Gown, too, sought all the outside help which could be mustered, what I may call "the battle of the Charters" raged for centuries. The control of Stourbridge Fair, once one of the most important in Europe, which was held annually in Cambridge from about 1200 until its decay and final extinction in 1934, provided every possible scope for disagreements. A new

era began when the "reformed" Borough was able to treat with the "reformed" University. The appointment of University representatives on both the Town Council and its Watch Committee, a sensible arrangement which continues to this day, seems now to be no more than a token of the harmony and mutual respect which characterize the City/University relationship of 1952. The University has given much to the City but the exchange has been by no means one-sided. College architecture, which contributes so much to the beauty of the City, owes not a little to such local builders and architects as James Essex and Robert Grumbold.

So much for background. We may now look at contemporary Cambridge. Our survey is somewhat complicated because we have to consider our City, not only as a university centre, but as a centre of town, county and regional government; as a market town serving a very wide area; and finally, although to a lesser extent, as an industrial area. These several "personalities" of Cambridge have conspired to provide the fortunate resident with shopping facilities and cultural amenities which are only normally found in London or the few largest provincial cities. They also manifest themselves, however, by pressures on traffic, housing and ancillary services, which have to be experienced to be believed.

The control of central government over local government, by means of legislation and grants-in-aid, has increased enormously during the Twentieth Century. To Whitehall, naturally enough, the ideal local government areas are few in number and well-financed. Hence the most significant units are now the counties and county boroughs: other authorities have lost many powers to them. Cambridgeshire has gained, like other counties, and Cambridge, like other municipalities, has lost. Cambridge is, however, in the all-but-unique position of a large municipality which is also the only town of any size in a small agricultural county. Much of the Guildhall's business with Whitehall can now only be transacted via the Shire Hall, one mile away. In certain important services, notably in education and public health, there is a good-tempered but uneasy partnership between City and County. Special legislative provision has been made for the City to retain its own Police Force and to administer its own

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*The Old Granary and
Mill Pond, Newnham*

Division of the Civil Defence Corps. The astonishing efficiency of British local government, even under severe strain, may even have its disadvantages!

Various solutions of the local government problem have been suggested, e.g. county borough status for the City, the rest of Cambridgeshire to join forces with a neighbouring county or counties; and the amalgamation of City and Borough. The Local Government Boundary Commission recommended "new" county borough status for the City. The reform of local government is, however, one of the subjects upon which it is least easy to proceed with a reasonable amount of agreement. Hence its political popularity is perhaps equal to that of divorce law reform.

To the City and County local governments has been added, since the War, regional government. Cambridge is the regional Headquarters for the Eastern Counties and the hatted camp, which provides much of the accommodation, is a significant feature of the Brooklands Avenue district. If anarchists have nightmares it is possibly because they dream about Cambridge. It is certain that the increasing number of organizations which have much business with government departments will find it advantageous to establish branch or even Head Offices in Cambridge.

Cambridge has had for centuries a great reputation as a market town. Specifically, the

Monday cattle market and the Saturday corn market are important and the former in particular has been developing rapidly since the War. More generally, it is interesting to note the change which takes place round the City centre on Saturdays. From midday onwards, Cambridge becomes the regional market town and large numbers of people pour in by bus and car. Not only Market Hill itself but all the surrounding streets are thronged with country shoppers. The car parking problem is a particularly difficult one on Saturday afternoons.

The spectacular development of Oxford has overshadowed the not inconsiderable industrial expansion of the sister-City. Although one of the largest industries, the preserving and canning factories of Messrs. Chivers at Histon, which employ many local people, is situated just beyond the City boundary, there are important local undertakings in Cambridge itself. A number of industries such as printing (e.g. Cambridge University Press), scientific instruments (e.g. Cambridge Instrument Co.), and electronics (e.g. the great Pye group) have grown out of the needs of the University. Apart also from the local industries which tend to be found in any town of the size of Cambridge, flour milling, asphalt manufacture, cement working and others are all of special significance.

This then is Cambridge, a beautiful, thriving, crowded modern City. Innumerable summer

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visitors are attracted to it each year and, save perhaps during a few weeks in late September, the bustle never ends. The problems accruing for the City Council, particularly in traffic and housing, are difficult ones. The *Cambridge Planning Proposals of 1950*, by Professor William Holford and Mr. Myles Wright, contain a useful survey of these problems, altogether apart from the value of the recommendations which are made in them and which are still under discussion by the City and County Councils.

The Holford Report suggests that the basic modern problem, that of housing, must be considered first from special local angles, e.g.:—

(1) The built-up area, through ribbon-development, now extends for 8½ miles from north to south, the great part of this distance being within the City boundary.

(2) Four-fifths of the City's population lives east of the main Huntingdon Road-Hills Road line: sites to the west of it should be favoured for new university and college buildings.

(3) Cambridge has been able, hitherto, to enjoy good "small-town" standards of housing space. Nearly everyone in Cambridge lives in a house, most people have gardens, allotments are numerous and popular, and open spaces are much used. There is "a strong local tradition in favour of openness" in housing.

(4) Most Cambridge buildings are the first buildings on their sites.

(5) Although there are certain local districts in which the housing is now of poor quality and there is a good case for "redevelopment", the City has been able so far to avoid this problem, one which nearly all large cities have already had to face.

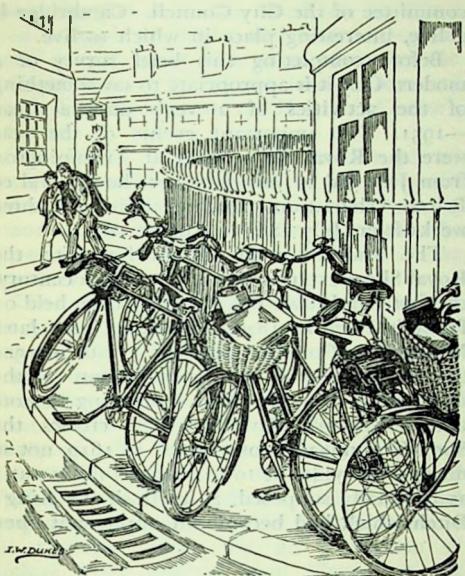
The City Council's tremendous post-War housing progress—2,500 temporary and permanent houses have been erected since 1945—has continued the pre-War tradition of "openness" and first building on sites. The Holford Report suggests that it will soon be necessary to consider also the clearance and redevelopment of those parts of the City, chiefly in the East Road and New Town districts, where houses are, in general, approaching the end of their useful lives. Experience elsewhere shows that if this problem is not tackled in good time the newer suburbs tend to form an ever widening ring round an inner circle of slum. Fifty-eight per cent. of Cambridge houses are regarded by the

Report as good, 22% as below standard, 14% as having only a short life and 6% with no life: suggestions for gradual redevelopment are made. These are some of the basic "supply" problems which have to be considered in Cambridge housing. The "demand" for houses also poses difficult questions.

For numerous reasons which will by now be obvious enough there is keen competition in Cambridge for all housing space. The City Council's waiting lists are of phenomenal length: vacant possessions of private houses on the open market still make record prices, possibly higher than in any other part of the country. It is all but impossible to estimate the size of the total effective demand. The Holford Report suggests that steps be taken to impose a ceiling on Cambridge's population—about 100,000 for the City. A strong case is made out for a limit—the work of the University would be hampered in a larger city, general living conditions would deteriorate and the journey to work would gradually increase in difficulty. It is certainly true that those of us with experience of the journey to work in London and the great provincial cities would not wish those discomforts to be sampled by the Cantabrigian. Since Cambridge already possesses practically all the assets which are normally regarded as peculiar to the very large town, chiefly educational and medical services and facilities for recreation at high levels as well as low ones, the Holford warnings have already received very careful consideration. The City Council, however, is opposed to a rigid population limit and does not support the slowing down of the rate of growth as an end in itself.

After housing, traffic. Traffic congestion in central Cambridge may be regarded as sufficiently well established to qualify for institutional status. Perhaps the most obvious variation on a well known theme is provided by the bicycle. Undergraduates become cyclists as a matter of course and, in a wider field, the Cambridge child seems to learn to cycle almost before he can walk. This is probably an exaggeration but it is symptomatic of the problem. The habits of cyclists have profound influence on traffic conditions. The astonishing gymnastic feats of many, and the all but common carrier performances of others, deserve serious study. Even the "fair weather" type,

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"The habits of cyclists have a profound influence on traffic conditions. . . ."

such as the present writer, which abandons its bicycle in bad weather in favour of the bus, provides its own batch of traffic problems.

The Holford Report suggests certain considerations as basic for road and traffic study:—

(1) A very large number of new streets have been laid out since 1830, nearly all of them to provide frontages for houses to accommodate a population which has more than quadrupled during the period.

(2) Major traffic improvements have been few, i.e. Victoria Road, Bridge and Avenue in 1890; Fen Causeway in 1924-6; and the still incomplete East Cambridge by-pass. The failure to build the bridge at Chesterton authorised by the Cam Bridges Act of 1889 is regarded as particularly regrettable since nearly one-third of the City's population already live north of the river.

(3) Postponement of major road improvements inevitably increases their cost.

(4) The traffic capacity of the City centre street system is now exhausted.

Proposals for the City centre are designed to improve access; to provide a combined by-pass and circulating route; to provide good central sites for new shops and offices; and,

very important, to avoid any major changes in the appearance and character of the central area. They are suggested, moreover, as reasonable expenditure items during the next twenty years.

Granted the difficulties of street-widening in College-bordered central streets, the major improvement recommended, which has already become highly controversial, is that which plans relief for the Huntingdon Road-Hills Road line. It provides for a "spine relief" road from Histon Road corner to Drummer Street or Park Terrace, parallel to the existing main road and between 200 and 300 yards to the East of it, crossing the river by a new bridge. A new shopping centre, or rather an expansion of the existing one, would be built from Guildhall Street over what is now the Lion Yard and adjoining properties, an "open deck" car park being included. A new bus station is also envisaged. The City Council is opposed to the "spine relief" road on principle as it is felt that there are better, more practical and more economical ways of attaining its objects.

The Holford Plan provides also for a bewildering number of important traffic improvements outside the central area, e.g.

street widening and by-pass extension, another bridge between Barton Road and Trumpington Road via Chaucer Road and extensive developments at Mitcham's Corner and at the Railway Station. These are merely samples of a wide range of often controversial recommendations all dovetailing into the Plan. Whatever may be the final outcome of the deliberations of the City, County and Central Governments all would vie to pay tribute to the Report as a survey of inescapable problems and a repository of recommended solutions.

Traffic, then, and housing are the two basic problems of modern Cambridge government. Other important and related questions, all associated with and dependent on them, are educational development and the provision of schools; drainage improvement and flood prevention; and the maintenance and improvement of open spaces. Trees, too, which have their very special place in the Cambridge landscape, are the concern of a Trees advisory

committee of the City Council. Cambridge is a live, interesting place in which to live.

Before completing this brief survey of a modern City it is appropriate to say something of the activities of a very unusual year —1951. Two important events of the year were the Royal Show, held at Trumpington from July 3rd to July 6th, and the Festival of Britain celebrations which occupied the three weeks from July 28th to August 18th.

The association of Cambridge with the Royal Show extends over more than a century, the first Cambridge Royal having been held on Parker's Piece in 1840. Fifty-four years later Midsummer Common received it and in 1922 the Show was held at Trumpington on the same site as in 1951. It is interesting to note that "Hobson's River", which crosses the Show-Ground, was constructed in 1610, not so much to provide the town with drinking water as is usually supposed, as to flush the King's Ditch which had become an unpleasant open

Cambridge at Work

The working population of Cambridge, including an area bounded by such parishes as Waterbeach, Linton, Duxford, and Harston, is over 55,000. Apart from the needs of such firms as Pye Limited and the Cambridge Instrument Company most workers are directly engaged in running a University and county town. Professional services, mainly comprising college and University staffs, account for nearly 18% of this total, over half as much again as is taken up by any group of industries. Public administration and the distributive trades each employ over five and a half thousand people, and over four thousand work in each of the building and contracting, agriculture, and engineering groups. About 35% of all these workers are women.

Outgoing workers are few compared with those who come in to Cambridge for employment: Pest Control at Harston and Bourn, Aero Research at Duxford, and Chivers at Histon, are mainly responsible for the outflow. As for workers who travel in to Cambridge, the villages within a fringe of 3 to 4 miles, such as Milton, Girton and

Shelford, send 50% of their working population; the river valleys, where Melbourn, Linton and Abington are situated, send 22%; and the villages of the chalk uplands, running north-east to south-west south of Cambridge, send 9%. Villages like the latter, which have poor communications, have gradually lost population over the last thirty years. Newmarket sends a larger influx than any town a comparable distance away; but Bedford and Luton to the west attract workers more strongly than Cambridge, and to the south Royston marks the beginning of the area where London takes most of the people who work away from home.

Although figures of unemployment in England for the period December 10th, 1951, to January 14th, 1952, were up by nearly 25% over the corresponding period a year previously, the Eastern Region was barely affected by this change, and its increase in unemployment was 1.3%. The new steel allocation has caused 3 important establishments in different areas of the Eastern Region to reduce working hours.

A. J. M.

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sewer. Be that as it may, the River itself is a good example of Town and Gown co-operation: it was built as a joint effort by the Colleges and by prominent local citizens, of whom Thomas Hobson, of "Hobson's Choice", was one.

The Royal Show of 1951, which placed heavy responsibilities upon the City Council and its Chief Officers, was a great success, being honoured by visits by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and by other members of the Royal Family.

The Festival of Britain celebrations provided the best recent example of close co-operation between the University, Colleges and City. Arranged by a committee of which the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. S. C. Roberts, Master of Pembroke) was Chairman and the Mayor Vice-Chairman, the Festival was designed to put Cambridge "on show" for the delight of residents and visitors alike. To this end special arrangements were made for guided visits to the Colleges; there was an exhibition of College Plate and of local history at the Fitzwilliam Museum; and public lectures on the University and City were arranged by the Extra-Mural Board. The size of the audiences at the latter became almost too large. One of the most attractive features of the Festival period was provided by floodlighting. The Senate House, the Tower of Great St. Mary's Church and parts of Clare, King's and Trinity Colleges were thus displayed in an unusual manner: the whole effect was indeed memorable. The floodlighting, by the College, of the Chapel of Jesus College was also most attractive. A grant from the City Council provided for the printing of an ambitious programme which found its way to all parts of the world.

The other main events of the Festival period were mostly the work, directly or indirectly, of the Arts Theatre Trust and of local societies grouped together for the purpose. The debt of all Cambridge citizens to the Arts Theatre Trust is too well-known to call for emphasis here: it is enough to say that the Festival provided an unusual opportunity of which full advantage was brilliantly taken.

Organ recitals and choral musical events in College Chapels and in the Guildhall alternated with programmes of poetry and music in the Senate House, an appropriate introduction being provided by the always eagerly anticipated event of "Madrigals on the River" at King's College Bridge.

Bad weather handicapped the organizers of several open-air musical events and particularly two of the three performances of the "Historical Pageant of British Music" arranged by the University Musical Society and other local music and drama societies. The third performance, held by torchlight in the New Court of St. John's College, provided a spectacle which will not be soon forgotten.

The Festival performances at the Arts Theatre itself were both brilliant and unusual. Peter Tranchell's new opera, "The Mayor of Casterbridge", although hindered by a stage which was too small for this purpose, was, nevertheless, much enjoyed and received a good deal of praise from musical critics. It is unusual for a modern audience to have the opportunity of seeing a stage production of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus": Cambridge people had that opportunity at the beginning of August. One comes, necessarily, to theatre performances of Marlowe with mixed feelings but the whole play, even the rather clumsy clowning scenes, was put over, at speed, very successfully.

If a personal view may be introduced, one of the best events of the Festival was the theatre production, from 13th to 18th August, of the Dryden-Davenant "Tempest", with Purcell's music, by the Marlowe Society and the University Musical Society. Text-book criticism of Restoration Shakespeare tends to blind one to its modern stage possibilities and, once one has overcome a natural reluctance to accept Prospero's second daughter and Hippolito, who "never saw woman", the way is clear for enjoyment and appreciation of an unusually high order. Dryden himself said that he had never written anything with more delight. Delightful indeed it was to watch. Delightful indeed is it to be a citizen of Cambridge.

Postscript

Cambridge becomes a City

by Susan Curtis-Bennett

CAMBRIDGE was raised to City Status on March 24th, 1951. As a "Times" leading article on that day pointed out, the effect of the announcement would mean "the revival in a thousand parlours, club smoking-rooms and suburban railway carriages of the perennial question 'What is a City?'". The article went on to say that there are two popular opinions as to what constitutes a "city", one being that it is a town with an Anglican Cathedral, and the other, that it is a borough presided over by a Lord Mayor. Neither is, in fact, correct, as there are many cities without Lord Mayors, and some, for example Leeds, which are not cathedral towns. The nearest definition that can be given is that the term "city" is an honorary title held traditionally or granted by Royal Authority.

Certainly, before Birmingham and Dundee were created cities in 1889, every town which had previously been honoured in this way was already the seat of a bishop. The only exceptions were Coventry and Westminster, but they had been bishops' sees in the past and had retained the title. The creation of the cities of Birmingham and Dundee was a return to the language of the Domesday book, for there the title was applied to some towns which were not bishoprics. The evidence of the Domesday book goes against the notion of there being any connexion between bishopric and city, except that a city was a proper place in which to plant a bishopric. The name "city" was given to the great and important towns, some of them Norman castles, others

English settlements which had a more or less independent municipal constitution. To such, the name "civitates", borrowed from Gaulish usage, was naturally given. During the age of the Norman conquest, the notions of city and bishopric tended to become connected, because of the systematic translation of bishoprics from the smaller places to cities. This notion of "city" was prevalent until recent times.

Last year was not the first occasion on which the Mayor and Corporation of Cambridge sent a petition to the King, asking to be made a city. In 1616 a petition was presented to King James I from the borough officials, asking him to grant the favour, as "in former antient times Cambridge was one of the twenty eight principall Cities of England". They also asked this so that "the University of Cambridge, and the Corporation of the Town of Cambridge may be ranked and settled in equal degree with the University of Oxford, and the City of Oxford". The King replied that he was "graciously pleased" with the petition, and would consider the matter. Meanwhile, the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges wrote to Sir Francis Bacon, then Attorney-General, begging him "to stay the suit", for they feared that "the chief nerves and foundation of all our jurisdiction, and gracious charters . . (would be) shaken or entirely overthrown" if the petition were granted. Bacon agreed to intercede on their behalf, and on his advice, the King refused the Petition.

Modern Cambridge has many claims to



PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE



"...the bells of Great St. Mary's were rung in celebration...."

city status: it is the county town of Cambridgeshire, and contains more than a half of the total population of the administrative county; if it were not for the fact that the ancient see of Ely is only sixteen miles away, Cambridge is the obvious place for the seat of a bishop, and might well have been a city long ago. It is a focal point for road and rail traffic between East Anglia and the North and West of England; besides being a University Town, it possesses its own industries, the manufacture of scientific instruments and radio apparatus, for example; in recent years Parliament has recognised that Cambridge stands in a special position, for under the Police Act of 1946, the borough retained its own Police Force; with the city of Peterborough, it is the only non-county borough to have done so; it has also possessed its own Quarter Sessions for many centuries. It may be described as a "lively progressive town", advanced in the fields of education, medical services and treatment of the housing problem. It is well provided with entertainments and cultural activities. Cambridge was chosen as a centre for the Festival of Britain, and the Royal Agricultural Show was held there in July, 1951.

Throughout the centuries Cambridge has

come to be widely recognised as essentially a University Town. The University is known to have been in existence in 1209, and is one of the six ancient Universities in Great Britain. Of the other five, Oxford, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh are cities, and St. Andrew's is a Royal Borough. The University of Cambridge has received many Royal favours in the past, not least of which is the fact that Edward VII and the late King George VI were both members of the University. In the last hundred years, the Borough has been steadily increasing in size and population, accompanied by a widening of the range of studies in the University, and many original contributions to science and learning.

It was therefore a moment of great gratification and pride to all in Cambridge when, on March 24th, 1951, exactly a week after the Special Council Meeting at which the decision was made to submit a petition, the bells of Great St. Mary's were rung in celebration, and the Union Jack was flown from the Guildhall, for in the morning it was announced "that the King, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, has been graciously pleased to confer on Cambridge the title and dignity of a city".

the University Library

There are a million and a half printed books in the University Library, ten thousand manuscripts, and nearly a quarter of a million maps. The collection occupies twenty-eight miles of shelf space, and about two-fifths of a mile are added each year. Under the provisions of the Copyright Act, the library is entitled to a copy of every book published in the British Isles, but its resources are constantly being enriched by the purchase of foreign books, rare manuscripts and first editions, and by gifts from every country in the world.

Now, because of the sharp rise in the cost of books, the University Library has found itself in financial difficulties; this year it has been assisted by generous grants from King's College and Trinity College. The library must also replace losses, which amount at present to some twenty books a year.

The accumulation of this enormous collection stretches over centuries, and took place mainly in the old library buildings on King's Parade. These were nearer the centre of University Life than is the new site, but as more and more books were squeezed into the not very capacious buildings, the maintenance of proper library facilities became impossible.

In 1928 a move was decided upon. Seven-and-a-half acres of ground between Grange Road and Queen's Road were bought by the University from King's and Clare Colleges, and Sir Giles Scott, the architect of Clare New Court on the West Bank of the river, was commissioned to design the new library. The plan finally approved and executed delighted some and earned the disapproval of many. It is a near contemporary of the Stratford Memorial Theatre, and provoked at the time much the same criticism. Mr. John Steegman has remarked in the Batsford Guide to Cambridge, "Perhaps it will come into its own about the year 2020. By then, of course, some far worse things will have been put up."

Meanwhile the library had to be paid for before the builders were set to work. A large sum was raised by a subscription within the University, but it barely covered half of the estimated cost. When the Rockefeller Foundation came to the University's rescue, its International Education Board made up the amount required. The actual construction took three years, and it was in October 1934 that King George V performed the opening ceremony.

Sixteen years later, the building still has an air of freshness, and is one of the town's major attractions for those visitors who can persuade a B.A. to show them round. The reading room is long, and immense and colourful; the long wide corridors have a remarkable solemnity; there is always an exhibition in the showcases; and, of course, there are people to whom the automatic lifts are in themselves a sufficient thrill.

The library is almost a home-from-home, and a soothing antidote to the hurly-burly of life on the other side of the river.



The University Library

Photographed by Antony Barrington Brown



In We Come . . .

Freshman arrives

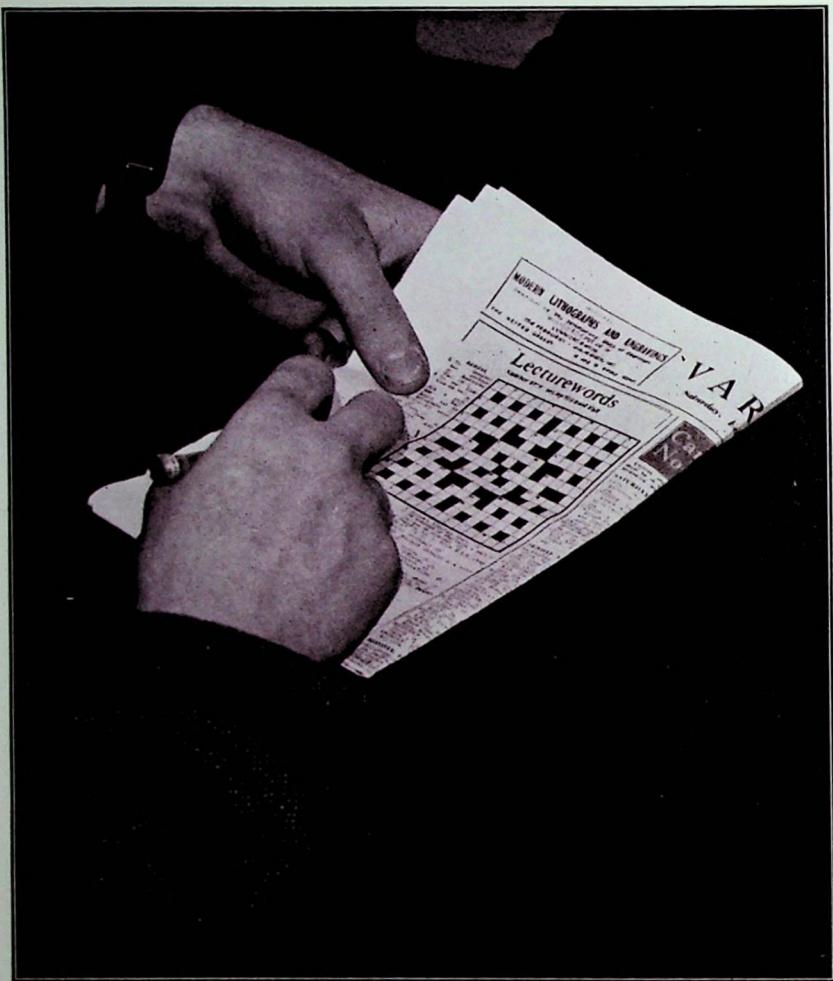
Three Years Up

Photographed by Martin Wray



. . . . Up We Go

Poppy Day Rag

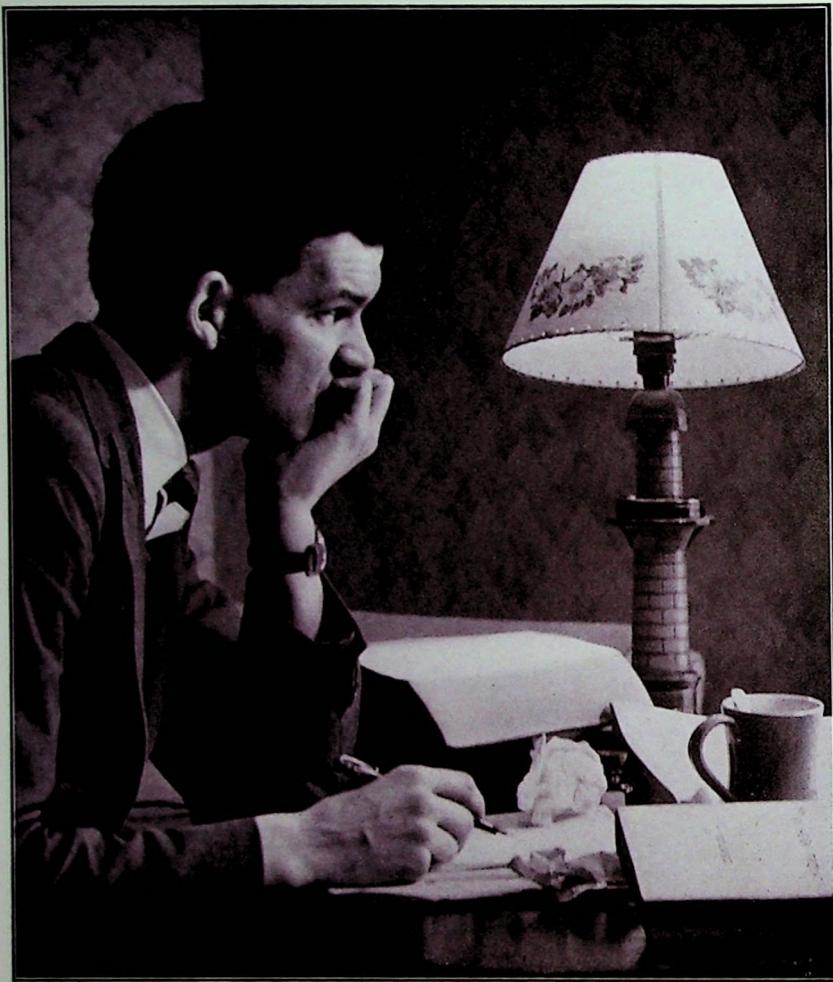


Five Letters Long . . .

Morning Lecture



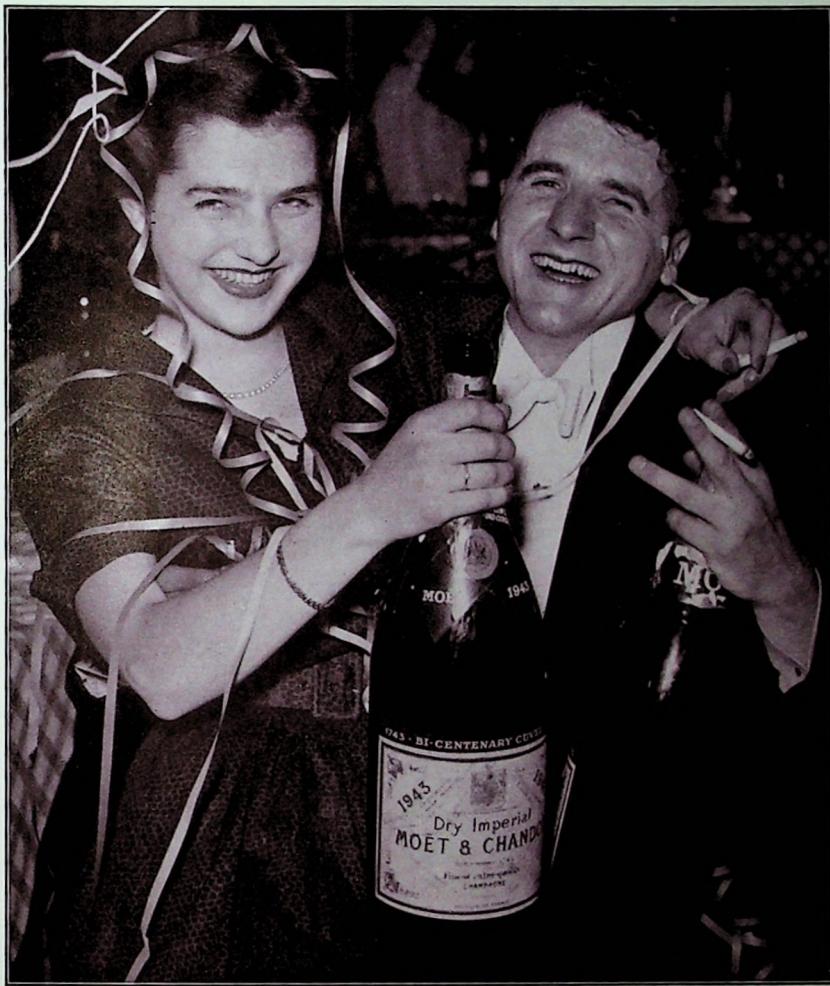
. . . . Six Inches Short
Afternoon Tennis



Midnight Oil . . .

Just before Tripos

Photo : Gerald Battye



. *Midnight Orgy*
May Week Party

Photo : Barrington Brown



Three Cambridge Rudders

Photographed by
Martin Wray

Cambridge on the River

John Williams

In any consideration of Cambridge Rowing since the war a number of facts must be taken into account, and all conclusions drawn from them. In the year immediately following the war, British sports were at a very low ebb, and rowing, no less than any other, was sorely hit. Since then Britain has steadily rebuilt and regained her supremacy on track, grass and water throughout the world, and hand-in-hand with the improvement in British rowing has been the rise of Cambridge rowing—this in spite of the fact that less and less ex-Servicemen were arriving after 1948.

It would be easy to trace statistically the progress of the past few years, but it is surely more important, now that the Light Blues are on the crest of the wave, to realise and understand what underlies the process of development, the embryology as it were, of the Cambridge oarsman so that the position, now attained, of Cambridge as the backbone of first-class rowing may be maintained. The record-book is merely an outward sign of a deep and complicated process.

The establishment of the swivel oarlock as a permanent feature on the Cam (1st and 3rd, the last stronghold of the wooden thole, making the great change in 1950), and subsequent adoption of the "greased finish", one of the features of classic swivel rowing, have led to a change in stress in the rowed stroke, and the C.U.B.C. and most colleges (with the obvious exception of Jesus and their disciples) are now tending to scull an oar through the water, building up to hard finish which sends the boat away running very fast. This innovation, if such it may be called, cannot wholly account for the superiority of Cambridge, and

of one Club in particular, which is so obvious today.

The Lady Margaret Boat Club, coached mainly by Roy Meldrum, devised and adopted a style whereby eight really fit men could gain the greatest advantage from the use of the swivel oarlock.

This style, in the hands of those who understood it, has produced a course record for Henley, has won the Grand, the European Championship of 1951, and the unofficial world championship. Its success lies in the fact that its exponents have all been very fit, for the form of the style renders its use as a racing method impossible to any not thoroughly trained.

Within the structure of Cambridge University rowing, no other club has played so prominent a part since the war as the Lady Margaret Boat Club, as Henley and the Boat Race, not to mention inter-college sports on the Cam, have shown. Since the war, of the forty-eight Blues awarded to oarsmen (coxswains excluded) eighteen have gone to L.M.B.C. men, fifteen of those in the past three years, and their Henley record is no less impressive.

But of all those who have rowed in the scarlet of the Boat Club of St. John's College, one man, an Australian from the Shore School, N.S.W., stands head and shoulders above the rest, and he is Brian Lloyd, now President of the Leander Club, whose personal record over the last few years, not only as an oarsman, but as President of his Club, as a coach, and even as a sculler, must make him one of the outstanding oarsmen of all time. In almost every Cambridge success he has played his part, and his last year must set up a record of achieve-

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE

ment for a great many years to come, if not for ever.

His work for his Club and for the University has brought him into close contact with two others, in the formation of a great coaching team—(and many would ascribe the successes of the past to the most excellent coaching available on the Cam)—Roy Meldrum to whom is accredited the building up of the Lady Margaret style, and Harold Rickett, whose reputation as a final coach must by now be accepted throughout the world.

Though many might feel now that with the passing of Lloyd, of David Jennens, the medical student from Clare, and one of the best strokes of our generation, and of Bill Windham, who first rowed for the Varsity in 1947, the backbone of Cambridge Rowing is now gone, the 1952 Crew is sufficient proof to the contrary, and this year's President, James Crowden, a man with a record which promises to run that of Lloyd a pretty close second, can take immense satisfaction from the realisation that he has come well through the inevitable comparisons of past and present.

But discussion of the personalities behind post-war Cambridge Rowing can go on almost without end, and it is perhaps wise at this juncture to turn aside and peruse the record-books not only of the Varsity, but of the Colleges which are its fabric. For it is the great revival of college rowing and the immensely raised standards all along the Cam that, together with the "new order" and improved coaching methods that has been at the bottom of things, the foundation stone as it were of a new "Arc de Triomphe".

From what has already been said it might appear that one club has produced all the worthwhile material over the past few years, but this is anything but true. Jesus, one of the greatest Cam rowing clubs, have been producing excellent crews at a very steady rate, and their victory in the 1951 Putney Head of the River race is but one example of the successes reaped by the "Sons of Steve". Clare and Trinity Hall have maintained high positions on the river, as should be expected of them, and if they have not done as well as might be hoped, it would be true to say that it is due only to the outstanding merit of their opponents.

Pembroke, the President's Club, has been



James Crowden
President of C.U.B.C.
Portrait by Michael Colwill

doing well, and their Henley 1951 will be well remembered for many years to come. [For the record they won the Ladies' Plate, the Diamond Sculls, and had half shares in the Silver Goblets and the Double Sculls.] First and Third Trinity are not quite the same force on the Cam as of old, although they have shown signs that, now settled into their new way of rowing, they are determined to regain their old place in Cambridge Rowing.

Most of the Cam boat clubs have, in fact, improved since the war, and it is heartening again to see the smaller clubs winning at Henley (as for example Caius, whose 1951 Wyfolds win was their first at Henley since 1919).

It is not only in the eights and fours that the strength of Cambridge Rowing lies, but in an all-round superiority which includes the small boats. T. A. Fox of Pembroke who won the Colquhouns in 1948 is now heralded as Britain's best hope for the Olympic Sculls for many years—and yet before he came up he had done little if any sculling before. Another,

CAMBRIDGE ON THE RIVER

R. M. Martin, of Clare was one of our most successful senior scullers last year, and the present holder of the Colquhouns. John Macmillan is proving himself a great stayer over a long distance, and without doubt, is a potential Amateur Champion. In fact, Cambridge sculling could hardly be healthier as is amply borne out by the number of scullers and doubles to be seen on the river.

Any review of Cambridge rowing since the war, and in particular during the past two or three seasons, must at first sight be nothing but chapters of success and glory, pages of self-congratulation and the like, and of course honour-where-honour is due, but there is now the slightest suggestion that everything is getting into the groove. The almost universal adoption of the present University style has very definite drawbacks. Only in the fires of war between styles is the flame of a new ideal in rowing conceived, and the very necessary conflict is unhappily now dying out. Of course Jesus still retain their old ways, but they are beginning to be taken by everyone else as mildly eccentric and not to be taken too seriously. In short, a veiled apathy is descending over the whole Cam, and the feeling that the experiment now over and having been a success, all there is to be known is now known is becoming all too prevalent. Jesus of course are as extremist as ever, and are certainly not rowing as the great Steve would have liked, although their capacity for hard work remains unimpaired. So in spite of a healthy appearance on the surface there is a danger of complacency bogging down, when the spur of real competition is still to be felt.

By comparison, Oxford are in no such danger, and it is heartening to see the progress they have made in the past year, and the very real efforts of their President and coaches. The new coaching scheme, whilst it has already been the butt of considerable ridicule, at least in its tangible form, the Leviathan, nevertheless is a step in the right direction, and in the proper hands may well be turned to good effect in toppling the Light Blues from their pedestal. The effects will not be seen at once, which may lure the unsuspecting into a sense of false security, but the will is there, and as the saying goes.

Nevertheless, there is much of which to be proud, the achievements, big and small, of

Cambridge rowing men on the waters of not only this country, but those of the United States, of Europe and elsewhere, will go down as some of the finest of all time, and the 1948 Jesus crew, the 1948 record-breaking Cambridge crew, the last-gasp crew of a year later, and the Light Blues of 1951, the Goldie boats at Mâcon where they won the European championship, and at Milan where a broken rudder robbed them, the Lady Margaret Ladies' Plate crew of 1949 which set up an all-time record at Henley, and their winning Grand crew of 1951, all these, not to mention fours, pairs, and scullers, will long be remembered and talked about whenever there are racing men gathered together, and the post-war years will come by the name of the Era of Cambridge Rowing. How long that era will last remains to be seen, particularly so in view of the fact that so many of those old Blues now gone down are rowing in the colours of Leander, London and Thames—a formidable challenge indeed, but one to be met as have those of the past with determination and a certain measure of confidence.

* * * *

For the record, a chapter of this sort would be incomplete without a detailed account of the year's rowing and the activities that go with it.

The Michaelmas term began with a universal feeling of confidence in the future brought on by a record summer's rowing, memories of Henley and Mâcon being still fresh in the minds of all, and the Cam soon sprang into life, swarming with tubs, novice eights and would-be scullers. All these constituted a serious menace to the Light Fours and other craft practising for the term's races, but happily collisions were few, and little damage was recorded. The Trial Eights began to appear and "La Ronde" of Cambridge rowing had started anew.

The University Fours, the first event on the calendar, soon became the focus for the interest of rowing-men, and forecasting was rather more open than usual, although the L.M.B.C. Four [four European champions] were more or less favourites. That they were extremely powerful no-one doubted, but their boat control left a lot to be desired, and they tended to bounce along when rowing. However, they proved

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE

themselves nearly a quarter of a minute faster than all the others, and they beat Pembroke in the final by 25 seconds in 10 mins. 44 secs. under unpleasant conditions.

This large margin of 25 seconds was attributed to a lack of stamina in the Pembroke crew, though it has been said that they spent so much energy trying to keep within distance as far as the Red Grind, that they were unable to go really hard over the second half—that is as maybe, but since they had done precisely the same in all their previous races, there is no doubt some element of truth in the lack of staying-power story.

Without doubt the second-best Four was that of King's. They it was who held L.M.B.C. to 14 seconds, contesting every inch of the way, and it is not therefore surprising that two members of that crew eventually gained their Blues. Emmanuel, Jesus "A" and Pembroke were much of a muchness, the former beating, rather surprisingly, a Clare crew by 4 seconds on the first day and then nearly losing to Queens' in the subsequent round through over-confidence. Pembroke reached the finals by beating Trinity Hall, Jesus, and that by the smallest possible margin—the drop of a flag—and Emmanuel. Others who took part included Clare "B", Jesus "B", St. Catharine's, Peterhouse and 1st and 3rd Trinity, who were unlucky to go down to L.M.B.C. on the first day by 30 seconds.

The winning Four was made up as follows:—

Bow & steers J. S. M. Jones ... 12 st. 2 lbs.
2 N. B. M. Clack ... 12 st. 8 lbs.
3 J. R. Dingle ... 13 st. 9 lbs.
Stroke R. E. A. Sharpley 13 st. 6 lbs.

The Clinker Fours, rowed off at the same time as the Light Fours, produced yet another Lady Margaret victory; the crew, which was by no means the second-best Four L.M.B.C. could produce, nevertheless beat quite convincingly crews from other clubs containing as many as three First May Colours apiece. In the finals they beat a powerful but rough Sidney Sussex crew (incidentally coached by an L.M.B.C. man), and it was almost certainly their style which won the race for them. Others competing were Corpus Christi, Caius, St. Catharine's, Peterhouse and King's. This event would probably be more popular were there more clinker fours available on the Cam—and even

those that are available are not all brand new!

A week later the Colquhouns, the Sculling race for the Championship of the Cam, were rowed off, and the interest aroused was quite considerable, J. R. A. Macmillan of Trinity and J. G. P. Williams of Caius being more or less co-favourites. The former as a freshman last year had reached the finals, and in practice had been putting up some very fast times, which together with his strength over a long course and apparent imperturbability made him very formidable. Williams, on the other hand, had established his reputation in sprints in which he was very fast, but was untried over the longer course. D. A. T. Leadley of Emmanuel was also promising, although his power was being misapplied, and another Trinity man, P. A. Brandt, was said to be potentially good, as he had excellent stamina.

On the first day Leadley went down to Williams by 20 seconds, the latter covering the course in 7 mins. 50 secs., thereby getting within 3 seconds of the forty-four year old record, although he had been held back all the way from the railings for fear of hitting his opponent. He met Macmillan on the following day in a race which promised to be a classic. However, he failed to produce his early form and Macmillan won fairly easily in 8 minutes by 12 seconds. Meanwhile Brandt had disposed of Brewster (Clare), so reaching the final on the other side.

In an all-Trinity final J. R. A. Macmillan beat P. A. Brandt by 15½ seconds in 8 minutes 57½ seconds, thus winning the Cam Championship of 1951-52.

By the time the Colquhouns were over the Trial Eights were well under way, only 32 remaining for the final selection. This number was cut down by an eight a week until the two final Trial Eights were assembled. They continued to train under the President for the race at Ely on December the 8th.

Meanwhile on the Cam the last race of term was the Fairbairn Cup, and of course interest was centred on the Jesus crew who were as usual hot favourites. The second division was rowed off on Friday, Nov. 30th, and the first on the following day. After the final reckoning the order of finishing was:—

1st — Jesus — 15mins. 49 secs.
2nd — 1st and 3rd Trinity
3rd — Peterhouse

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and Christ's II was head of the second division.

The weather on both days of the race was kind and times were generally rather good. Most of the crews, however, were very rough and, in fact, the Jesus crews were the only ones which had taken the race really seriously.

Trial Eights were rowed off at Ely a fortnight later under appalling weather conditions, as the times, which were five minutes longer than usual, amply demonstrate. The race was rowed over the Adelaide course, and the two crews were called Hermes and Mercury.

Those taking part in the Trials were:—Gubbins, Cox (Trinity Hall), Jones, Dingle, Clack (L.M.B.C.), Macmillan, Simpson (1st and 3rd Trinity), Bircher (Christ's), Marshall, Debenham, Cadbury (King's), Skinner (Fitzwilliam H.), Garson, Davies (Clare), Maltby, Coghill, Savage (Pembroke), Leadley (Emmanuel). The coaches included J. G. P. Crowden, J. F. K. Hinde and R. F. A. Sharpley—the Blues in residence.

The Trials were quite satisfactory, and as a result two crews were ordered into residence early in the Lent term, one of which was known as the Blue Boat, and the other as the Goldie Boat.

The Blue Boat showed a few changes in personnel at first, but seemed settled enough after the first fortnight when the President took his seat and Roy Meldrum took over coaching. There were nevertheless several changes in the order. However, Leadley, who had rowed well in trials, had sustained an injury which was showing up in his rowing, and he was replaced by Marshall, who remained to get his Blue.

The order of rowing when the University Crew moved to Ely was as follows:—Coghill (bow), Cadbury, Crowden, Marshall, Dingle, Sharpley, Clack, Jones (stroke), Hinde (cox).

At Cambridge they had been putting in a great deal of mileage, but for a week before they moved to deeper water they were looking rather unhappy, and the change did them a great deal of good.

College rowing consisted in the main of preparation for the Lents, many of the first boats benefitting from the fairly early disbanding of the Goldie boat, by the inclusion in themselves of some of the oarsmen so released.

Again interest centred around Jesus, and fierce arguments developed as to whether they

would be able to catch Trinity before Clare caught them.

Forecasting was extremely difficult, all crews in the first division looking potentially the same, although the "reductio ad absurdum" of the Lady Margaret lie back was very noticeable. And in the event it turned out so, the only bumps recorded in the first nine crews were those of Emmanuel on Pembroke on the first night, and the long awaited rise of Jesus to the Headship on the third. On the last night the spectator was treated to the unusual sight of nine crews rowing over at their distances, which shews how evenly matched they were. Lower down an extremely rough but hard working Corpus Christi first boat won its oars by catching Queens', Christ's, Caius and St. Catharine's, and behind them Peterhouse also caught Queens', Christ's and Caius. King's I also won their oars with five bumps, moving up into the first division. It must be recorded that Christ's went down four, and Queens' down three.

Only two other crews won their oars, and they were Trinity IV and King's III.

The weather throughout was remarkably kind and must have been the best Lent weather for some years.

Altogether 85 bumps were recorded, which is rather low for five divisions.

The Head of the Lents crew was as follows:—

JESUS I	
Bow	C. W. Scott
2	A. S. Pratchek
3	C. M. Ballard
4	M. J. Langton
5	J. M. Watt
6	C. Paterson
7	R. Rosin
Stroke	M. W. Dodd
Cox	J. W. Tawburn

The small-boat races for the Forster-Fairbairn trial pairs, the Fairbairn Junior Sculls, and the Bushe-Fox freshmen's sculls completed the rowing calendar for the Lent term. Most of the Colleges held their small-boat regattas at the same time and the river was quite congested, a sore point with coxes of crews training for the Reading and Putney Head of the River Races.

In the trial pairs Garson and Chavasse (Clare) were favourites, but were surprisingly beaten by an L.M.B.C. pair, Turner and

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Vinnicombe, whose fitness coupled with their length of stroke gave them victory by 9 seconds. They went on to beat King and Leadley of Emmanuel in the final by 4 seconds.

In the Fairbairn Sculls, Williams was unlucky to be caught with cramp when leading Brandt at Grassy Corner, and could only paddle home leaving Brandt to take the race as he liked. Brandt went on to win without much difficulty, beating another Trinity man, Macpherson, in the final by 6 seconds.

The Freshmen's Race was won by a very polished sculler from Lady Margaret, J. M. King. He is extremely neat but seems to lack power at the finish, and it will be interesting to see how he gets on in Colquhoun class.

All these races were rowed against a flood stream and the times recorded were consequently low.

Of the C.U.B.C. races so far held, Lady Margaret Boat Club have won the University Fours, the Clinker Fours, the Trial Pairs and the Freshmen's Sculls; Trinity have won the Colquhoun Sculls, the Fairbairn Sculls, and been second in the Fairbairn Race and the Lents, and Jesus have won the Fairbairn Cup and rowed Head of the Lents.

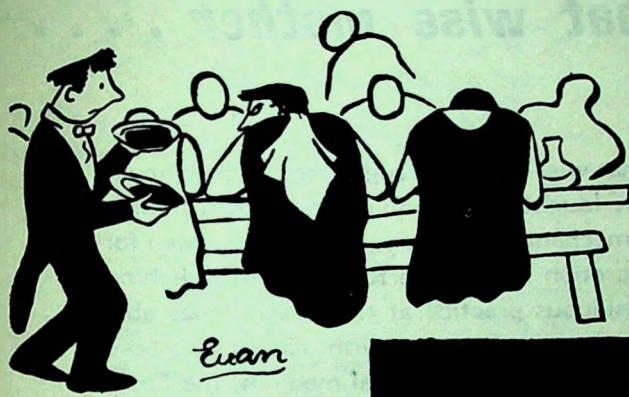
* * * *

The Easter Vacation brought with it the Reading and Putney Head of the River races, and their histories read as a chapter of surprises. At Reading on March 15th L.M.B.C. won the Head in rather doubtful style. Their style was admirably adapted to the prevailing conditions, but their win was unexpected, particularly in view of the small impression they made on the preceding crew, which finished quite low down. Putney, a week later, saw Jesus again Head, with 1st and 3rd fifth. Other crews finishing high up were Clare, Lady Margaret, Peterhouse and Corpus Christi, whilst the Hall took an unexpected tumble. The Jesus victory was particularly good in view of the fact that they had beaten two Olympic possible crews on their own water. The crew was the same as their Head of the Lents crew.

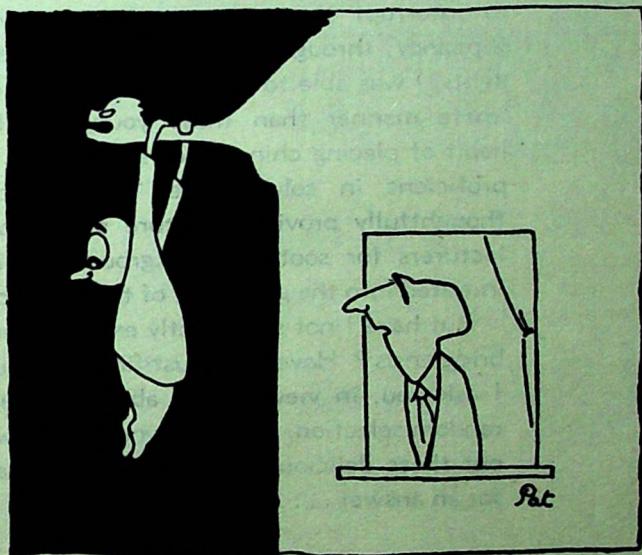
Oxford's victory over Cambridge by a canvas, in a race rowed under the most unpleasant conditions in living memory, was a dramatic reversal of form, though not entirely unex-

pected. The story of the Race has already been widely reported in the national Press, and no good purpose could be served by repeating it. Suffice it to say that the Race proved a duel between the two strokes and Davidge, now returned to his old form, was much too strong for the inexperienced Jones, though the latter was backed up by a crew of considerably better class. Postmortems are always rather unpleasant, but it is perhaps necessary at this juncture to look into the causes of the Cambridge failure. The illness of their coach, Harold Rickett, has been cited as one of the chief causes, but, as anyone who was in a position to observe the Light Blues at the end of their training will have noticed, their apparent apathy suggested a staleness which seems to have been more immediately responsible. Their seeming lack of interest was in strong contrast to the keenness of the less polished Oxford crew. In the Race itself they did not lose their form but seemed as men beset by treacle, automatically carrying out the ordered evolutions in which they had been so well drilled, though sadly lacking the fire which characterised the Oxford crew after Barnes Bridge. In summing up it is not unfair to say they seemed to lose sight of the immediate goal in looking forward, prematurely as it transpired, to a return trip to Helsinki, thereby, particularly in the later stages, belying the definite promise they showed earlier on. Their tendency to seek the form and not the substance of last year's formula for success showed a lack of understanding of the methods involved with unfortunate and obvious results. With the summer season just beginning and the Mays and Henley still to come, not to mention the Olympics, the lessons learnt, we hope, in the past six months, particularly those of the Boat Race, will enable the Light Blues' challenge to retain its former strength. Oxford deserve the highest praise for their determined surmounting of obstacles material and psychological and their 1952 victory. There is no doubt that, though Cambridge are not strong enough in themselves to represent Great Britain this year, they must form the backbone of the selected crew, and it remains to be shown once again in open competition that the Light Blues are still on top, if not of the world, at least of anything else in the United Kingdom.

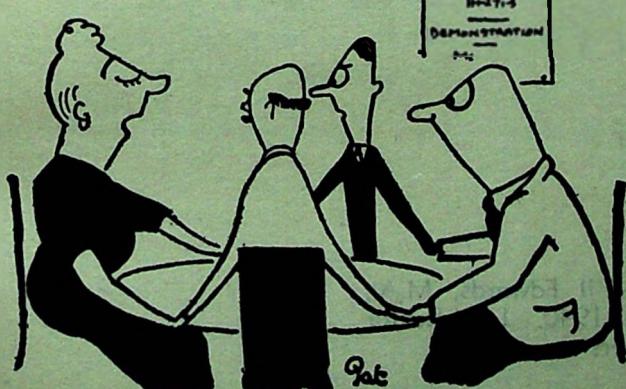
PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE



Cambridge
Humour



"Are you climbing in
or out?"



"Camtax calling car number
six . . . Camtax calling car
number six . . ."

Cambridge, that wise mother . . .

" . . . Cambridge, that wise mother, taught me the delights of the malted brew; she taught me how to make my own amusement in this age of mechanical pleasure, when I was gated for some youthful indiscretion and had perforce to remain behind locked doors; by assiduous practice at the Union I was able to interrupt the embryo politicians with assured verbose flippancy; through that excellent cultural medium, the Foot-lights, I was able to express my exhibitionism in a more legitimate manner than those young gentlemen who made a habit of placing china objects on chapel spires; she made me proficient in solving the 'Times' crossword puzzles by thoughtfully providing lecture rooms for the purpose, with lecturers for soothing background music; above all, I was initiated into the gentle art of trombonology.

But have I not sufficiently extolled our Alma Mater Cantabrigiensis? Have I not justified this educational procedure? I ask you, in view of the above benefits, which are but a random selection, where do you think I would be today, without those delicious years in *statu pupillari*? I shall not stay for an answer . . . "

Jimmy Edwards*

* James Keith O'Neill Edwards, M.A.,
St. John's College, 1940. Lord Rector
of Aberdeen University.

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The Cambridge Union Society

Edward Greenfield

WHY the Union? After all it's not so long since someone thought it was a branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union. And for all the attention it receives in most surveys, it might as well be just that. The fact is the Society suffers unduly at the hands of non-members. They seem to spend their time here with a sneaking suspicion. A suspicion that their failure to fork out seven and a half guineas makes them miss something. Consequently at every opportunity they defend their timidity by insisting that the Union's just a washout.

Sour grapes. In fact they miss a lot. Admittedly as a debating society the Union has obvious defects; I shall not try and hide them. Admittedly we make no attempt to be representative and responsible like the Redbrick Student Unions; but that's a dubious defect. Admittedly we are just a talking-shop for those who are taken that way, and an entertainments-centre for the rest; but who cares? Admittedly we haven't produced a Prime Minister yet; but we have got one or two hopefults about at the moment, not to mention a distinct probable at Westminster.

The point is this. So many of the university belong (about a third of those *in stat. pup.*) that it inevitably has an influence on undergraduate affairs. In any case, that it isn't a fair cross-section of 'representative student opinion' is no reason for ignoring it entirely. And clearly we're not just decadent and moribund. Not when more freshmen than ever before joined last Michaelmas term. Not when the debates have been better attended this year

than ever before. Not when more members have wanted to speak, and actually have spoken, than at any other time in the history of the Society.

But having ground one respectably-sized axe, I must candidly turn the searchlight on our possible defects. What is the general impression that a freshman gets from his first debate? Usually surprise that the standard of speaking isn't higher. He enters the Chamber for the first time expecting the world. To hear scintillating wit, blistering invective, crushing repartee and crystalline logic. Just like the half-formulated debates he has with himself in the bath. Such idealised perfections are what he wants to hear at last in the definition of reality. He expects such a standard of Cambridge, and he just doesn't get it. Perhaps one glorious moment per debate if he's lucky, and that's all. The disappointment from this produces startlingly different results. Some leave the Chamber and vow never to come back. Some think they can do just as well themselves, and are often right. Others, the majority, realise bit by bit that even though the standard is low, and the audience seems to laugh at anything, paradoxically enough, it is continually waiting to unnerve its victim, like a snake fixing a rabbit, to pounce on the unprepared phrase or to taunt at the weak ending. It is rarely an easy audience, and for every riproaring belly-laugh one has to sweat and strain like a mad thing. Rarely does a paper-speaker leave the dispatch-box without the feeling that his choicest witticism has gone quite unappreciated, whilst his most triumphantly successful

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laugh was the bit of make-weight put in to fill an odd corner. If only he could have foreseen. The House's unreliability may be a result of the way it has of making a speaker tense before he gets up. Will they respond or just sit like suet-puddings? If it's bad for a paper-speaker (who has a full house and an audience reasonably prepared to be amused), pity the poor maiden speaker still more. Not knowing when he's going to be called, regularly feeling the most acute physical discomfort, he waits from 9.30 (when the paper-speeches finish as a rule) for perhaps two hours before he is at last called—and then only if he's lucky. Continual expectation and continual disappointment. Almost invariably some idiot from Selwyn will only just have bagged his best point. He will be faced with the unpleasant alternative of pressing on regardless and hoping that people won't notice the duplication (the usual course), or of being frightfully impromptu with answers to other people's arguments. The latter might seem *prima facie* the nobler and potentially the more successful course. It rarely is. As a rule, each speaker, his elaborately prepared points firmly rooted, will only really listen to previous speeches when they threaten to overlap his. He sits tensed, desperately praying that among the ruins just a bit of the point will be left for him. Consequently, as he will have listened to the whole debate utterly inhibited, he will be quite incapable, as like as not, of making a spontaneous attack on arguments already raised. There is in fact no true debate at all. It tends to be a long file of well-drilled repetitions. Just an occasional breaking-of-step when someone has a novel delivery or finds an unexpected line on the motion.

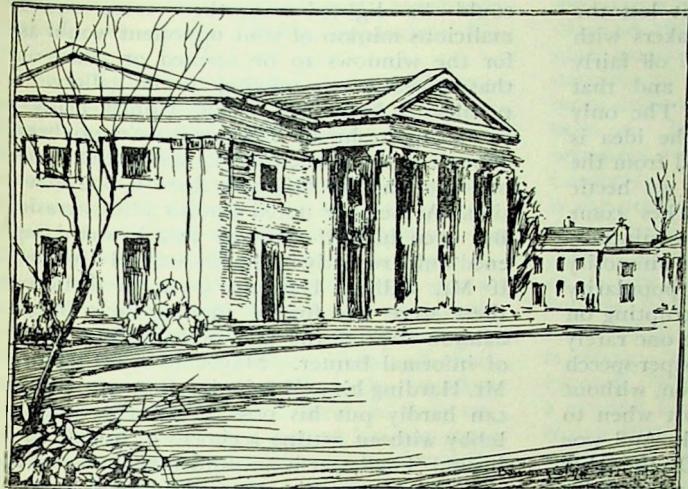
All this might lead a stranger to imagine things are pretty desperate. Speakers inhibited; audience inhibited (in fact after 10.30 the groups are identical); boredom like a desert; a pointless ritual. This again would be just as wrong an impression as the idealised brilliance originally expected. For one thing, not every motion demands faultless logic or expert information that we don't possess. The humorous motion is unfailingly popular—for the most part deservedly so. Its curse on the other hand is that all the audience response has been completely drained off after the first few speeches, and you can leave the taps on all

night before even a trickle comes. In such difficulties the clowns come to the rescue. Members either so uninhibited that they like making fools of themselves or else so dim that they don't realise they are. They have an alarming propensity to come from Trinity. Their temperament may perhaps best be judged from one of their number who went down last summer. He was last heard of at Leopoldsville in the Belgian Congo, having travelled all the way from England on his bicycle (across the Sahara among other things). On his last picture postcard to date he expressed a firm intention of carrying on by this method until the Southern Ocean stopped him. He is doing all this 'just for the fun of the thing'.

In short, then, he would be a poor mutt who remained completely bored by a debate, even in its apparently most barren stretches. The majority, of course, come as an alternative to the Regal or Rex simply for the paper-speeches, and these are always tolerable at least. As they continue to come in ever increasing numbers, one can only presume that on any standard there must be some reason for it—even if it's only to gorp at the visitors. Whilst custom and procedure are being constantly improved and amended, at least we can claim things are not static and hide-bound. That is in spite of all the ritual, elaborate as a service in King's (only done in rather more religious an atmosphere).

But all this is old news, and consequently never printed as a rule. The main purposes of this chapter must clearly be to give some idea of the changes in the Union over the last two years. In the general debating atmosphere; in customs and traditions; in taste for humour; and perhaps most important in political thought generally.

These days the atmosphere has infinitely less of the political bear-garden about it than two years ago. No longer the elaborate schemes and surprise votes in Private Business (a cause of regret to few), though we still have our annual outing on the motion to introduce women-members into the Society. Strangely enough this has almost become a point of Socialist principle among us. There is far less squabbling and bickering on party lines than there used to be. That there have been far fewer political motions in the last year is a symptom of this rather than a cause. The



Downing College
by Sam Lloyd

elections too are far less bound by party interest. Remember the three post-war years when not a single left-wing candidate got elected to office. Remember the retaliation of one Labour candidate standing at a time. Those habits have gone, one hopes for ever. Perhaps it was only the bitterly serious determination of those who had fought in the war that did it. But whether it was an inevitable trend or not, one must remember with gratitude all the efforts to achieve this happier atmosphere, made by Julian Williams, President for the Michaelmas term last year. There are still potential pockets of resistance about—notably one back-scratching little coterie, which the rest of the Society does not fully appreciate (apparently). But in general there are none of those deliberate attempts to crush a speaker, no gauntlets thrown in 'The Whim', or ruses to get things through Committee. It may have been fun in its way, but who on earth really believes that the Society's purpose is as serious as all that? It would not be true to say that the elections are a-political yet. Otherwise people besides prominent members of the political clubs might get a look-in some time. Certainly one ex-President of the A.D.C. deserved to do much better than he did in the Union on his merits. It must be noted though that the party-hack is distinctly out of fashion. Also (though this is a weakness) that the non-public-school man

so rarely gets elected. Bad taste to mention it all the same. But then there is that shining exception of Jack Ashley, President for the Lent term, 1951.

Tradition is still flourishing. A Kingsman came to his first debate, and was exceedingly gratified at the vast deal of attention he seemed to be drawing. He hadn't dared to think he was all that distinguished—not at that period anyway. The horrid truth then dawned; the front benches (on which he had naturally taken his position) were reserved for higher beings. He had to crawl ignominiously into obscurity; at the end of the term he resigned. But however confusing it might be to the newcomer, few would do away with our customary procedure. That those who have spoken from the paper can sit on the front bench and speak from the dispatch-box, only makes it all the more parliamentary. Of course if anyone so privileged starts putting on the airs of a genuine cabinet-minister, then plenty are quite willing to disillusion him straight away.

A vital change in procedure has come this year, profoundly affecting the whole character of debates. That is the insistence on shorter speeches. Three minutes is all that is allowed to floor-speakers instead of seven. It certainly seems to have advantages all the way round. It livens up the debate considerably, above all in its later stages, and improves speaking stand-

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ards generally. Into the bargain it lets the enormous backlog of potential speakers with their names in the book be worked off fairly rapidly. Fewer are disappointed, and that makes for happiness everywhere. The only thing you can really say against the idea is that it seems to have been imported from the other place. Mind you, things do get hectic towards midnight, when the speeches come down to the rock-bottom limit of one minute.

Coupled with the lessening of party animosity and general bitterness is the failing popularity of our once-favourite habit of interrupting on points of information. At one time one rarely passed the crucial part of a paper-speech between development and peroration, without some stooge asking a question, just when to answer it would be most awkward. And woe betide anyone daring to ignore it. On the other hand, if it was a humorous speech and no point

could be lighted on, then some equally malicious minion of your opponent would ask for the windows to be opened or point out that someone was moving in the gallery. A pernicious habit which has ruined many a promising freshman. The fact is we're not brash enough to do it these days, not loathing anyone enough. To this rule there is one exception. A member noted for his idiosyncrasies. But even his self-confident attack was damped quite recently in the Emmanuel lily-pond. If Mr. Gilbert Harding is to be believed, there were few formal interruptions in the halcyon days of the late twenties, but plenty of informal banter. Maybe it is fitting that Mr. Harding himself (who is a frequent visitor) can hardly put his nose inside the division lobby without getting a chorus of catcalls and hisses. The latter is an unpleasant new habit, and the sooner it's stamped out the better.

UNION PRESIDENTS

1947

Lent:	W. H. L. Richmond	Trinity
Easter:	Ian Lloyd	King's
Michaelmas:	Robin Young	King's

1950

Lent:	Denzil Freeth	Trinity Hall
Easter:	Norman St. J. Stevas	Fitzwilliam
Michaelmas:	Ronald Waterhouse	St. John's

1948

Lent:	Humphrey Berkeley	Pembroke
Easter:	D. E. C. Price	Trinity
Michaelmas:	Clyde Hewlett	Magdalene

1951

Lent:	Jack Ashley	Caius
Easter:	*Grantam Mathur	Magdalene
Michaelmas:	Donald Macmillan	Clare

1949

Lent:	George Patterson	St. John's
Easter:	Paul Curtis-Bennett	Christ's
Michaelmas:	Percy Cradock	St. John's

1952

Lent:	Greville Janner	Trinity Hall
Easter:	D. E. Hurd	Trinity

* For three days, owing to departure of President on American Debating Tour

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Whilst not invariably approving Mr. Harding's methods, we should always appreciate his brilliance.

The B.B.C.'s fondness for us in preference to the Oxford Union has made our broadcast debates into something like a continuous tradition in themselves. And every time it has equally become a tradition to go away saying it was nowhere near one of our best efforts. If only they'd done the rearmament thing, or whatever the particular favourite happens to be. The plain truth is they'll never get a completely natural effect until they record say a whole term's debates (quite simple on tape) and then broadcast the best. Then and then only will speakers and audience be uninfluenced by the microphone. Even as it is we get plenty of amusement out of hearing ourselves over the air, though whether that extends to other Third Programme listeners is quite another matter.

Incidentally, one hopes that Greville Janner's innovation of a staff debate will become a regular thing. Certainly while we have staff who can speak as well as Mr. Elwood and Mr. Thompson. Besides, it should not come too hard on them. If it's an annual affair, they need only think up four speeches, then use them on the rota system.

Here is perhaps the place to mention another new Union habit. It clearly must chill the hearts of all those bug-whiskers pictured over the committee-benches, but it's none the less likely to stay. That is the Saturday dances. What's worst of all is that they take place in that holy of holies the Smoking Room. Where previously no fresh-air nor any woman had been allowed since 1861, one finds every Saturday night that sort of tropical glow favoured by Hollywood in the nocturnal love-scenes of its more exotic extravaganzas. Most superior in its way of course, and distinctly better than the red illumination originally favoured by the Dance Sub-Committee. The normal habitués in their exile to the other reading room, sit disconsolate over the chess-board, while dimly through the swing-doors come all the numbers from 'South Pacific' that can possibly be danced to.

But more important far than these essentially domestic affairs, the general trends—especially in politics and taste in humour.

Humour is almost impossible to pin down

and characterise. One can only make the most cautious and qualified generalisations. Apparently we never have tried to emulate the frothy nothings of Oxford, but have concentrated on more down-to-earth stuff. It must always have been so. Just look at the droves of cabinet-ministers from Oxford and of judges from Cambridge. Even so, although in humour it is the ponderous shadow of Mr. Gillie Potter that towers for ever over us (sometimes in person), there has been a noticeable change in the last two years. Although it is still the feeblest joke that gets the biggest laugh, the nature of its feebleness has changed. No longer is there that penchant for barrack-room humour. Whilst still not unpopular, it arouses a prudish chill with many. Prep-school filth is now firmly the rage instead. This is hardly surprising. So many freshmen come straight from school these days without being ducked in the Services first.

In more sophisticated humour taste has altered too. Nowadays the keynote is fantasy. It probably came into vogue as a result of Donald Macmillan's superb speech in October 1950, which was almost certainly the finest speech of the two years, and won its author the Presidency into the bargain. Two years ago it was the sour lemon of parody; today the soufflé of a colourful imagination. Max Beerbohm as opposed to Ronald Firbank. The long pompous period is still as much in fashion as ever for putting any humour over, and there's a growing tendency to shove in every double-entendre and word-play you can lay your hands on. N.B.—Puns, thank goodness, are still invariably groaned at. Sometimes, however, the distinction between word-play and puns is tenuous to say the least, and the wit-merchant's reputation hangs by a thread. The private joke (so typical of end-of-term concerts) and the snob joke (preferably in French) are still unfailingly successful, depending as they do on the listener's self-congratulation at seeing the point. One fears they are inevitable among an audience which tries to read the 'Four Quartets'. But at least the sub-human bug hasn't caught us yet (for our 'clowns' are hardly that). The influence of Messrs. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, so understandably strong across the Atlantic, is happily absent in the Union Chamber.

At the risk of treading on a few political

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corns, a general idea of current trends in the parties must be attempted.

Ever since the war we have been solidly weighted to the right—a little more in the Union than in the university as a whole. This is still so. So far there has been no perceptible swing as a result of the change of government. One wonders whether tradition or Conservatism will win next October on the 'No Confidence' motion (almost invariably carried in the past). In general, the Conservative Association straddles the party line firmly; the Labour Club distinctly less so; the Liberals have a job to find anything to straddle on. Both the Tories and the Labour people have worked over to the right in the last two years. There are some of the former who are thinking of setting up a 'War with China Council' (not quite so flipantly as at first might be imagined), and many of the latter are prepared to follow Mr. Gaitskell through thick and thin (though not Mr. Morrison, who made a disastrous appearance at the Labour Club last year). The Bevanite faction—once dominant among active members of that club—finds great affinity, strangely enough, with the extremely progressive wing of the Liberal Club. This latter may possibly be no more than the result of strong individual opinions and influences, but if one hopes for renewed vitality in the Liberal Party of the future, one's eye will glow at this striking example of radical thought.

The extreme left is still very hole-in-the-corner and self-satisfied. Few members of the Socialist Club have deigned to join the Union. Fewer still to do anything at all active there. As C.U.S.C. is almost to a man on the Cominform line, it would be most stimulating if they were to come along and put their opinions reasonably.

The Labour Club over the last two years has felt acutely the lack of a positive socialist dynamic in the national party. It tends to tell itself that it simply *must* think of a positive policy, and remains hypnotised at the thought. The fact is, of course, that in any undergraduate political circle no-one really knows anything about anything. A hasty mugging up of an article in the *Spectator*, the *Observer* or the *New Statesman* (take your choice) is the deepest that anyone ever seems to get. Admittedly each club lays on study-groups containing very worthy members, but one wishes that their

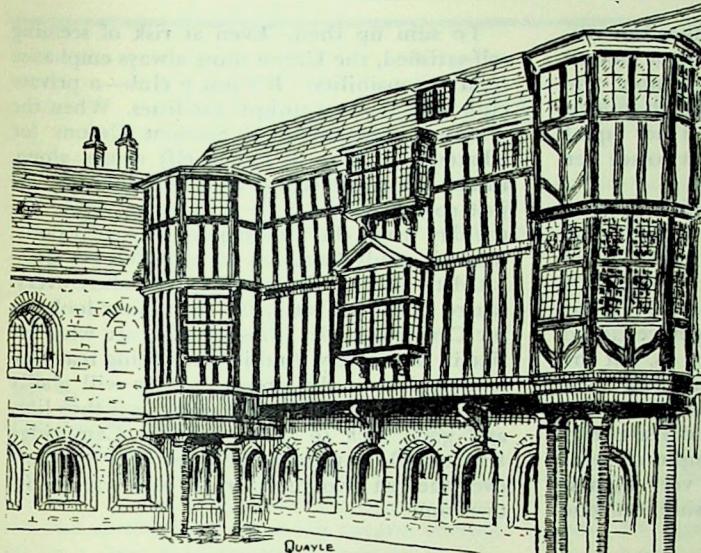
practical influence was greater.

As regards ideas on topics cutting across party boundaries, one may find the Union voting figures misleading. On two occasions, for example, Rev. Donald Soper has come and completely outshone his opponents on the subject of pacifism. The figures have on each occasion reflected an appreciation of such debating victories, without giving a genuine consensus of what Cambridge opinion is on the subject. The classic 'King and Country' motion at Oxford in 1934 must always be kept in mind.

But away from general trends to specific events, and more interesting still to specific visitors. As might already have been deduced, the favourites are always professional funsters or professional politicians. Really it's high time some President started getting a bit more adventurous in picking on people. Artists for example. We've had some, true, but it's not the writers of drawing-room comedies or bedroom farces that we really want. Artists rather of greater significance who might stimulate a few ideas. Eliot and Edith Sitwell, Moore and Sutherland, Britten and (that most revered of Trinity men) Vaughan Williams. Of course, some might be a dead loss when it came to speaking, but at least it would be worth the experiment.

Within our limits, however, we always do extremely well for big names. The humorists, being rarer birds in Cambridge, have the edge on the politicians, and they attract bigger audiences. The Potters, Gillie and Stephen, are cases in point. But in each case their visits this year have been disappointing. The former tried out his radio scripts on us, but was a bit shaky on the link-ups. The trouble with the latter, on the other hand, was that he *didn't* try his scripts out on us. He relied on an audience prepared to shriek at anything, and hadn't prepared much. He was a trifle hefty in consequence. Jimmy Edwards is another who relies on ad-libbing, with exactly the same disappointing results. Quite the opposite approach came from Alastair Sim, who after a superlative spontaneous opening, read us a beautifully thought-out paper. Not what we had expected, but extremely worthwhile. Perhaps the best approach was Bernard Braden's. He (and not a script-writer) had most carefully prepared his speech, and he was excellent. It

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*The President's Lodge
Queens' College
by Peter Quayle*

would be a delight to hear him again—especially opposite his very own radio announcer, Ronald Fletcher (Trinity Hall). Gilbert Harding is our most frequent visitor both formally and informally, for he often drops in when he happens to be passing. Despite the hostile reception he gets as a rule, we'd all miss him enormously if he didn't come. Though he can hardly be called a professional funster, Godfrey Winn had better come in here. On his last visit he was excessively modest in pointing out that his weren't the sort of speeches we enjoy. We did enjoy him, but perhaps for the wrong reasons.

Of the serious speakers, Donald Soper has already been mentioned. He contrasted well on his first visit with a smooth Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, and on his second with a General Martel rather like a militant teddy-bear. The finest visiting debating team has undoubtedly been Messrs. Robert Boothby and Richard Crossman. The sparks flew on the subject of German rearmament with incredible fury. The former, who is always a great favourite in Cambridge, came again on his birthday this year. By contrast on the later occasion, he was the epitome of sweetest reason. Another favourite, but this time on the other side of the fence, is Kingsley Martin, who appeared in a double feature with Wilson Harris. Whilst Mr. Harris was like some minor canon preaching at Barchester,

Mr. Martin was distinctly non-conformist in his sermon. Harry Pollitt refused to be ruffled by anything. You could never imagine him chalking slogans on the Pearly Gates. Which is precisely what might be expected (to judge by appearances at least) of Mr. Randolph Churchill. He had all the family ebullience but the general impression was of a superannuated enfant terrible.

On the whole, impressions of cabinet-ministers have been disappointing. Perhaps they are afraid of disclosing too much. Mr. Dalton was paternal, and made it apparent why he had acquired one of the less respectful of his nick-names. Mr. Strachey's pleasantly direct approach made us all wonder why he had been the subject of hostile press campaigns. Mr. de Freitas (an ex-President) was mistaken for a Tory by Lady Astor. It was perhaps Mr. Gaitskell who came off best of the lot; his quiet sincerity and clarity of mind impressed everyone from Bevanite to Smitherist. Few front-bench Tories have been down to us. One wonders why.

Of the others, Mr. Compton Mackenzie was triumphant in his scherzo, but got a frost on his finale *sehr langsam*. Mr. James Laver finished up with one of Fowler's cliché quotations, and brought the house down. Then two lady guests, who in zip and vivacity have shown everyone up. Miss Esther McCracken was

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rather like one of her own heroines, but distinctly more amusing, while Lady Astor mowed us down before her. A veritable triumph. She tried to tell us that it was a bad speech, but in drive and attack we have not seen her equal for a very long time. We all want to see her again and again.

To those who went down two years ago, one can still say that Percy Cradock's Presidential Debate remains the finest within living memory. Some, since, have been poor. Of the visitors to the Cradock debate both Sir Norman Birkett and Lord Reading have visited us again, and once more impressed us, but the star of that incomparable evening just over two years ago was Sir Patrick Devlin, who has not come again since. Unless he does so pretty quickly, one can say that this couple of years on no occasion has reached the very highest peak. A carping criticism to be sure, but one that must be made.

To sum up then. Even at risk of seeming self-satisfied, the Union must always emphasise its irresponsibility. It's just a club—a private club with its own unique facilities. When the National Federation of Student Unions (or whatever it likes to call itself) comes along, intent upon ensnaring us into affiliation, we just cock a snook at it. And we're right. On the day when the Union joins any such body, when it sends delegates to a conference dedicated to getting all debating procedure everywhere into a set form, it'll be a poor look-out for Cambridge. Its idiosyncrasies are what we like in the Society. And if that's being reactionary, then even the present writer will gladly plead guilty. The rest may copy us if they like, and good luck to them, but the Cambridge Union will continue to progress as it has done over the last two years, in its own way, in its own time.



The Green Fields Beyond

"... Occasionally we are beset by a desire for escapism . . . with a desire for the company of people who live a natural existence . . . the much belittled countryside around Cambridge can provide that new contact with reality, which we desire. . . ."

Geoffrey Halson

TO many people summer days in Cambridge mean punting, a walk to Grantchester for tea, an afternoon at Fenner's, tennis, or a sun bathe on the Backs. "What more could one ask," say the advocates of convention. One can find aesthetically satisfying natural scenery within a three miles radius of Great St. Mary's. But perhaps, occasionally, we are beset with a desire for escapism, with a desire for our own company or for the company of people who are not continually disputing on a high intellectual plane, who do not feel the approaching evil of Tripos, people who live a natural existence. With its high speed of living and learning, its elevated loquaciousness and its collegiate limitations, Cambridge life, it must be admitted, is abnormal in the light of wordly standards. Its abnormality of perceptions stimulates us, but it may at times bring on a reactionary feeling of "let me get away from it all for a few hours, from the voice of the undergraduate which besets me at all turns, from the persistent psychoanalysis of the purposes of living or the manufactured elegance of the poseur." And on sunny days, when traffic congestion on the Cam equals that of Market Hill, and when Grantchester Meadows are trodden by a crocodile of poetic pilgrims, the much belittled countryside outside Cambridge can provide that escapism, that new contact with reality, which we desire.

There is a tendency to dismiss the countryside around Cambridge as a barren stretch through which the weary traveller has to pass en route from March, Kettering, Bletchley or London. To many people Shepreth, Meldreth and Foxton are just queer station names, observed from the Cambridge Buffet Express. In

Cambridge town, Girton, Homerton, Trumpington and Chesterton are the limits of topographical exploration. If indeed the Backs are our Garden of Eden then the odd appeal of the countryside outside Cambridge will be lost. To appreciate this appeal it is wise to avoid comparison with standard areas of high scenic virtue. The Gog Magog Hills and the South Downs, Granta Valley and the Wye Valley, the view from Madingley and the view of the "Coloured Counties" from Bredon — obviously such comparisons will frustrate.

The whole point is that, except for the Fen Country, the attraction of this area is purely local. The Fen Country requires perhaps the most detached approach of all. On a dull day the Fens seen by the traveller between March and Cambridge possess an unparalleled grey boredom, black indeed where the Fen soil appears naked. Given the correct lighting effects, a bright morning with good visibility, the Fens can have a certain attraction of the vast, the "Cuts" adding a mathematical precision, a gleaming flat, a lonely road lined with telegraph poles which give a stark effect owing to the surrounding lack of vertical detail. The emotional effect of the Fenland austerity can be compared, however, with that of the grit-stone moors of the Pennines.

The rest is localised, and here the greatest disadvantage is perhaps that one has to journey through some visually trite scenery often, to arrive at an interesting spot. The eight miles of road between Girton and Fenstanton constitute a good racing track, little else. But Fenstanton is a pleasant enough village, St. Ives, a couple of miles on down a by-road, has a riverside charm and a detached country

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town quietness. Houghton village nearby has its wooden mill.

Carry on from Houghton to Huntingdon, ignore the industrial environs, pretensions in such a small country town. Huntingdon is humdrum, but it is this lack of singularity which makes its charm, an opposite to Cambridge where one tends to become satiated with architectural beauty and contrarily infuriated by the University Press Buildings.

Beyond Huntingdon, to the west and north west, the countryside takes on a slightly hillier aspect. Towards Peterborough from Huntingdon there is something savouring of the old romance of the road at the point where the Great North Road is joined at the summit of Alconbury Hill. Here one really does feel that this is the historic London to Edinburgh route, the road runs due north with determined straightness, and from the hill top one can see the road taking a more sinuous course on ahead through the rural network into Rutland, on into the horizons of Lincolnshire, towards York. A few miles on is Stilton, a long street with quaint facades, a hill, and an association with cheese; and at the village end a bizarre notice informing the patron of the A.1 that Scotch Corner is only 159 miles away, reminds one that on this road one is a traveller rather than a loiterer. Peterborough may encourage you to carry on. The London Brick Company has gashed its approach and when you turn off at Norman Cross, a road junction where only the name spells history, the following five miles are incongruously derelict.

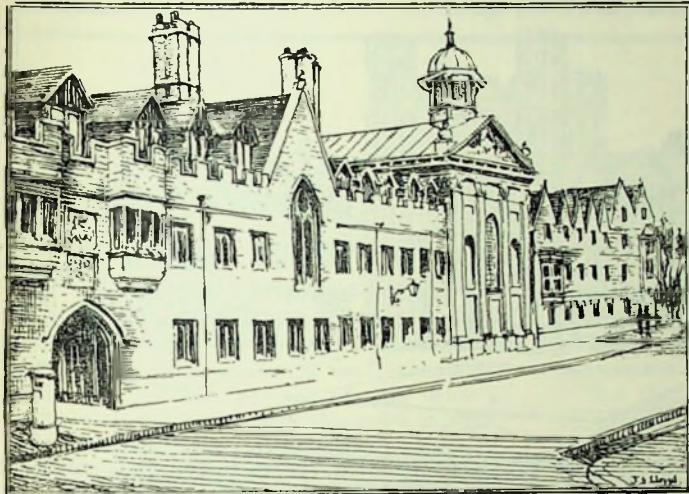
The St. Neots road out of Cambridge is decidedly better than that to Huntingdon. Without taking the impulse to wander farther afield the view back over Cambridge from the hill by the American Cemetery at Madingley is panoramically satisfying at least, and the Gog Magog Hills seen across from here are a challenge for future exploration. From this point the St. Neots road carries on along a broad ridge, marred by a shanty town of transport cafés and the desolate runways of Bourn aerodrome, but with occasional distance shots to left and right, towards Royston and the Fen Country. On dark windy nights the Caxton Gibbet cross-roads can delight the macabre imagination, but in daylight Eltisley, with its village green, is a better sight and the sudden view of a Scotch Express travelling at speed

over what railwaymen lovingly term "the St. Neots hump", tends to stifle one's expectations of an old-fashioned market town.

Western Huntingdonshire, beyond the St. Neots-Peterborough length of the St. Neots Road, is worth the preliminary slog to Huntingdon or St. Neots, and is on the fringe of the rolling park land type scenery of Middle England. Kimbolton is only nine miles beyond St. Neots and is a classic example of the English village beloved by guide book photographers, minus the tourist trappings. The valley leading to it is extremely pleasant, especially beyond Staughton, with its wide cottage-lined main street, and the surprise entry into Kimbolton is original. A convenient circular tour may be made by striking north to the main Huntingdon-Kettering road at Catworth, returning down another attractive lonely valley through the disarming huddles of Ellington and Spaldwick to Brampton Hut, where the North road is crossed, and Huntingdon. At Catworth one is only a few miles from Oundle, and the southern confines of a hill and valley area pierced by few important roads or railways, Rockingham Forest, not to mention Fotheringay with its historical associations.

It is unfortunate that the Ely road, like the Huntingdon road, lacks that interest which should reward the cyclist's exertions. The villages in part make up for the intervening stretches of "head down and bash on" type of terraine. Milton is a pleasant enough village. Landbeach, half a mile off the main road, is sleepy and unspoiled. Stretham stands out well on its minor hill, and the distant view of Ely Cathedral across the low land from Stretham is arresting, especially on a clear sunny day. The Cathedral dominates the Fen country around, though perhaps the best view of it is seen in approaching Ely by rail from Cambridge and again from the line beyond Ely, the latter view has the river in the foreground with narrow old streets sloping up to the Cathedral grounds. Instead of returning to Cambridge through Milton it is worth while turning off to Waterbeach, and on through Clayhithe and Horningsea to join Newmarket Road just short of the airport. Clayhithe and the Bridge Inn are synonymous, a favourite destination of May Week aqua transport. The road approach is less frequented.

THE GREEN FIELDS BEYOND



Pembroke College
by Sam Lloyd

Nearer base, and if these long straight preliminary treks are unacceptable, it is an extremely good idea to go out on the Potton road as far as Barton, resisting the temptation to leave the main road at the Grantchester signpost. The road from Barton through Comberton and Toft to Bourn and eventually to the Old North Road at Caxton is undulating, and has a wealth of attractive, if unsensational detail. Tea at Caxton and a return by the main St. Neots Road (mostly downhill) make a good afternoon circular for the cyclist. Another useful circular in this south western region is to go out to Barton, then round by Haslingfield, and into Harston. If the direct road is busy it is worth while to go over what is locally termed "the mountain" into Newton, with its hall set in spacious parkland and hidden mostly from the road. A winding lane leads to Thriplow and a return can then be made round by Duxford and Little Shelford.

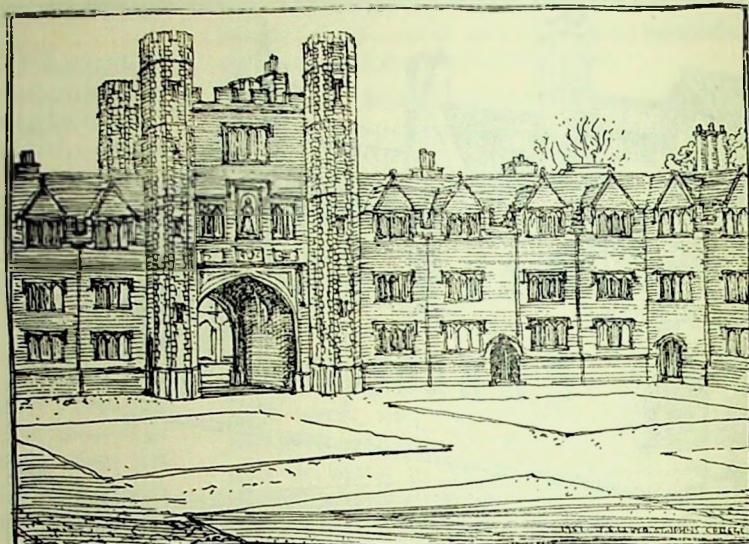
Throughout the emphasis has been on Western ways. If your cycle will respond to hillier ground there's a good circular tour to the south east, extending over into Essex. The cyclist who regularly storms Castle Hill en route for Girton will find no difficulty in the steady climb on to the Gogs, where a retrospective view over Cambridge equals that from Madingley. The road onwards to Abington is tree lined and runs through a particularly varied stretch of country, refreshingly shady in

high summer. Abington village is a highlight of this trip, but carry on along the wooded road into more open country at Linton, which is a winding, straggling place with modern counter attraction in its village college. After Linton branch off the Haverhill road to Bartlow with its sleepy railway junction standing in a wood. From Bartlow to Saffron Walden one climbs up into some rolling downland style country, up through Ashdon and on to the tops, where, before the most acceptable long descent into Saffron Walden, there is a good view across and over into the high ground of the Herts-Cambridge border. From Saffron Walden, once the first long hill has been surmounted, it is an easy run back into Cambridge, through the Chesterfords, Sawston and Shelford.

For a short afternoon or evening ride the countryside in the immediate neighbourhood of the Gog Magog Hills has its own charm, besides its aerial views of the City of Cambridge with the University Library standing out like the Empire State Building. A by-road leaves the Linton road at Red Cross and climbs over the main ridge to the Roman road on the far side. Once on the far side it is hard to realise that Cambridge's teaming masses are only four miles away. Nearby Fulbourn is worth passing through and in summer Cherry Hinton lives up to its lush name.

A word about transport. Unless you feel

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St. John's College
by Sam Lloyd

energetic, Western Huntingdonshire is somewhat far for the afternoon cyclist. The St. Ives region can be explored on foot by taking a Peterborough bus out to Fenstanton and returning by bus from Huntingdon. There is a two hourly service in Peterborough via Huntingdon. The villages on the Kettering road are served by Eastern National from Huntingdon, with through buses to Kettering. St. Neots is served by the Cambridge-Bedford buses and the Kimbolton valley is accessible by occasional buses from St. Neots, and by a cross country route from Bedford. Nearer at hand, the Barton, Comberton, Caxton circular is an easy afternoon's cycling, walkers can bus to any of these villages and walk through to the St. Neots road, returning by Bedford bus. The Saffron Walden circular can be made into an afternoon walk by taking a Haverhill bus as far as Linton and walking over to Saffron Walden, returning from there by either bus or train.

Many spend their Cambridge days in the localised atmosphere of the University precincts, unaware of the possible and subtle attraction of the surrounding waste land. It is this "waste land" which creates that essential cut-off from the outside world, so necessary to the independence of Cambridge. London has spread out nearly to Ware, certainly, in suburban spirit, to Letchworth and Baldock, but there is an uncompromisingly and wholly rural area between those points and Cambridge into which the satellite town idea cannot profitably penetrate. Spend a few hours in this slow tempo-and-enigmatic countryside, it may surprise you by its quiet originality. Many people travel to foreign lands afar, fired by the undergraduate urge for experience. But few people travel near Cambridge and whereas you may meet a Varsity type anywhere in the supposed isolation of the Lake District, it is very doubtful whether you'll see a College scarf in a tea shop in Spaldwick.

EPILOGUE

THERE are thousands of words written about Cambridge every year. We ourselves have added ten chapters to the total; it remains, before we close the book, to try and draw a few general conclusions here about life in 1952.

Our first impression will probably be one of an active and extraordinarily individual society. Life here is, indeed, limited by very little in the way of University discipline; such discipline as exists is, in the eyes of most people, synonymous with the gating regulations. And these, like the rest of the rules, are reasonably easy to live with, even if they do seem, to the outsider, somewhat mediaeval in concept.

"Well then," says our May Week visitor, "what are the gating regulations?"

We tell her. We relate how the undergraduate is fined if he arrives back at the barred gates of his college after ten in the evening, and how any excursion which brings him back after midnight is a serious offence. We explain how landladies must bolt their doors and padlock their windows after ten o'clock, so that a late arrival may have his name recorded and sent to his Tutor. And sooner or later we mention the Proctors.

"Proctors . . . ?"

"They are the University Police" we say. "Senior Members of the University, you know, who hold office for a year at a time. They roam the streets with their henchmen after dark, making sure that lodging houses are locked, that decorum reigns in the dance halls, and that the General Regulations are being obeyed."

"What sort of regulations?"

"That the undergraduate must wear a gown in the streets after dusk. That while so wearing a gown he must not smoke. That the undergraduate must not engage in games of chance for financial reward, borrow money on

commission, drive a car without a University permit, or ride a bicycle not bearing a College registration number."

"But the Proctors' can't"

"They are reinforced by law. They can interrogate anyone they like within five miles of Great St. Mary's Church. They can impose fines on the spot. And they can arrest and detain anyone who won't answer their questions."

"It sounds terribly strict."

And that, of course, is the trouble. Even to our own ears the whole system sounds fearfully tyrannical as we describe it in detail. And yet, like the gating regulations, it is a pleasantly free-and-easy tyranny under which to live. The Proctors appear to be chosen as much for their geniality as their stature; for he who must rise for a nine-o'clock lecture midnight is a reasonable enough hour for bed; and if all else fails, there is usually a passing Policeman to lend a hand in surmounting the back gate into College in the small hours of the morning.

Perhaps it is as some reaction to these things, or to the regimentation of school or barracks that the Cambridge undergraduate is less disposed to submit himself voluntarily to organisation than his colleagues at the younger universities. He is suspicious of national student unions and movements; he is suspicious even of the word "student" itself, because he has no sympathy with the idea of organised and militant scholarship. Whether he is reading medicine, or economics, or archaeology, he will consider himself firstly and fundamentally a doctor, an economist or an archaeologist, and not a student among students.

It is into this environment that a couple of thousand freshmen drift every October. They drift in almost literally, because Cambridge offers nothing in the way of elaborate inaugu-

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ations for its new arrival. He comes up from the station with his bags, he signs the big book at the Porter's lodge, and he is directed to his rooms. Thereafter his life is guided primarily by typewritten notices and circulars. One will send him hurrying to his Tutor, who learns his face, shakes his hand, and wishes him luck; another notice will send him to see his Director of Studies who will give him the times of his lectures and supervisions and will bid him work hard. There may be an invitation to drink coffee in that holy place, the Senior Combination Room, while the Master relates the history of the College.

Then the freshman will be left to look after himself, going to lectures as he pleases, writing his weekly supervision essays and acquiring the Cambridge coffee-habit. Not until a month later will the University display its first interest in him, when he goes to the Senate House to sign the Matriculation Book and become a fully-fledged undergraduate.

The tentacles of Cambridge Society will begin to wind around him early. He will find that Cambridge has no propensity for mass merrymaking; the Union premises are too decorous, the Junior Combination Rooms of the Colleges too dry, the favourite pubs, rather typically, too small and dark. Cambridge parties, as a result, are mainly crowded top-floor room affairs, and, despite the usual Cambridge skill in compression, are thereby limited in size.

They represent the big, middle stratum of Cambridge social life. The lower stratum, that with which the freshman first comes into contact, has as its badge the old school tie. But by the end of his second term, the old school faces will have become rather tiresome, and the Old School Dinner, with the Head in the Chair, will probably be avoided if any decent excuse is available. So too, by this time, will the College Faculty Clubs with their bustling, conscientious secretaries—moustachioed, organizing little men, and women with emancipation written on their faces, who run around with their money boxes and subscription lists. Gradually, the freshman will begin to move into the middle stratum of Cambridge life.

The informal groups of which this consists cannot be simply classified. No two people are ever members of precisely the same circle.

Every man will become part of a social group drawn partly of friends from his own college, his own faculty, his own political party, or his own specialised club. It is with his own group that the undergraduate will drink coffee, go to parties, and go on the river in the summer.

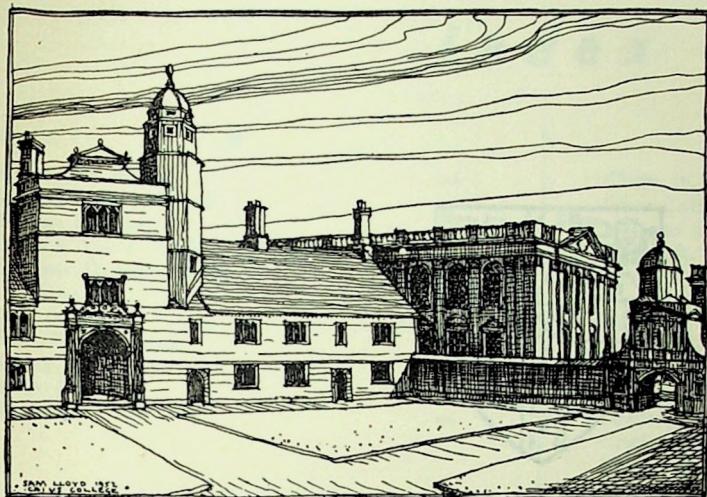
There is also the final—we cannot accurately call it the highest—stratum of Cambridge Society. Its structure is nebulous, its membership indefinite, its frontiers ill-defined. But there is no doubt that it exists. Its badge is the flat cap, the narrow trousers, the fancy waistcoat and the rolled umbrella, and it is one of the few aspects of Cambridge where the tendency is to Uniformity rather than individuality. Its Club rooms are the coffee houses of King's Parade and Trinity Street; its qualification for membership a distinct preoccupation with life as seen through and interpreted by the Arts rather than with life directly. It is the place, so it is said, to meet *the people, the actors, the writers, the artists and the politicians*. Most notable of all, it is the last resort in Cambridge of that singular horror *the Oxford Accent*.

There are two types of organisation that stand aside from these main streams of Cambridge society—the Faculty Societies and the Specialist groups. And here it is that the geologists relax with geology, medical students with dissertations on the lighter side of Lunacy, and lawyers argue their moots strenuously into the small hours.

Then, in a flood of generalisations, we must ask where the individual undergraduate stands among all this. Probably it is true to say that he will, by the time he has settled into Cambridge, be on smiling terms with a hundred people, that he will have a couple of dozen with whom he is on Christian name terms, and that he will know a handful really well.

Towards his own college his feelings will vary. There was a time when, as Thomas Nashe wrote, every college could be "an universitie within itself". The increasing importance of the University in educational matters has robbed the Colleges of much of their individuality; college loyalties and inter-collegiate rivalries are not, outside the sporting world, as strong as they used to be. All the same, the Colleges are still a great deal more than mere Halls of residence. In the smaller colleges it is still usual for the Master to know many of the undergraduates personally. But

PORTRAIT OF CAMBRIDGE



Caius College
by Sam Lloyd

at the other extreme there is Trinity College, with its membership rapidly approaching the thousand, where almost every semblance of College unity has vanished; St. John's, though appreciably smaller and architecturally united, is showing similar failings.

There are people who, now and again, take the trouble to draw attention to these things, to write letters, make speeches and prepare reports on them. But within Cambridge at least, they tend to be classified with all the other people who have committed the mortal sin of taking themselves too seriously. Only let a party politician orate too vehemently in Cambridge, or *Varsity* publish a moralising editorial, or anyone try to psychoanalyse Cambridge Society, and the long fingers of ridicule will begin to wag from every corner.

At the other extreme are the Frivolity merchants; they invite hundreds of people to non-existent parties in other men's rooms; they award prizes to men who take baths in Girton or Newnham; they ride to Scotland on one-wheeled bicycles for wagers; they even edit chaotic and short-lived magazines.

Cambridge may be an unreal spot, but it is a varied and an entertaining one. There is an old newspaper adage that the older Universities offer an expensive three year dress rehearsal for a life that is never lived in practice.

It is very true that the conditions of Cambridge Society are quite different from those in the big bad world, but they do not prevent it from being a reasonably sensible and stable structure in its own right. Here a man can in three years rise from the ranks to preside over a political party, lead a crusade, or edit a newspaper. In doing so, or in making the attempt to do so, he is more likely to realise the artificiality of the Cambridge environment than to be taken in by it; what he will really learn is a great deal about people, which is likely to stand him in good stead later on.

It is a good thing, too, that Cambridge is one of the places where voices still cry in the wilderness and rarely fail to achieve some response. Look at a list of contemporary undergraduate societies—Pipers and Magicians, Country Dancers and Communists, Cavemen and Heretics; consider the size of the Liberal Club or the vigour of the Esperanto Group.

Cambridge means something different to everyone; it is possible to draw a dozen different portraits of it and each one would be true to life. It offers to the undergraduate very little in the way of persuasion, a great deal in the way of opportunity; what he makes of that opportunity is, in the long run, only his own concern.



referred to in the original document. In addition, the original document also includes a reference to the "Tianchuo" family crest, which is described as follows:

"The Tianchuo family crest consists of a shield divided into four quadrants. The top-left quadrant contains a rampant lion holding a sword. The top-right quadrant contains a rampant lion holding a sword. The bottom-left quadrant contains a rampant lion holding a sword. The bottom-right quadrant contains a rampant lion holding a sword. The shield is supported by four small lions at the base."

The original document also includes a reference to the "Tianchuo" family motto, which is described as follows:

"The Tianchuo family motto is 'Truth, Justice, and Honor'."

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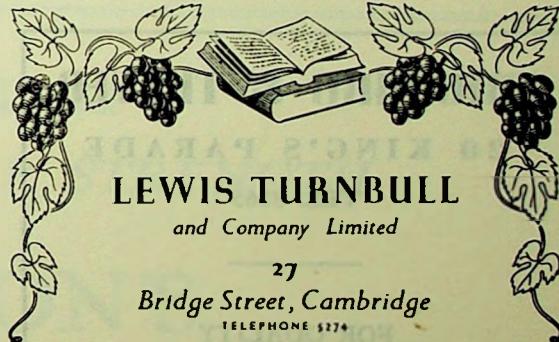
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Acknowledgements

The Editor and Publishers would like to express their thanks to all those who have assisted in the preparation of *Portrait of Cambridge*.

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and Portraits by Michael Colwill

The Cover of the Standard Edition, and the frontispiece
designed and cut by Estela Czekierska

Engraving by Messrs V. Siviter Smith, Birmingham

The book was compiled and produced for Varsity Publications
by Graham Dukes (St. John's College)

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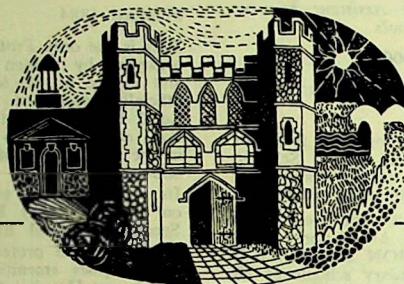
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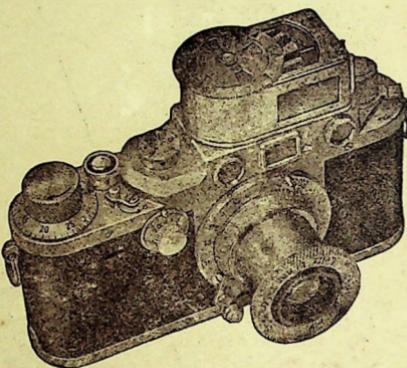
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